The Great Songs of The Kinks.

Ten songs by Ray Davies that made The Kinks one of the most popular recording acts of the Sixties.
All songs arranged for piano/vocal with guitar boxes.

KODAK SAFETY FILM

weemouse

The Great Songs of The Kinks.

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Wise Publications
London/New York/Sydney/Cologne

Deadend Street.

Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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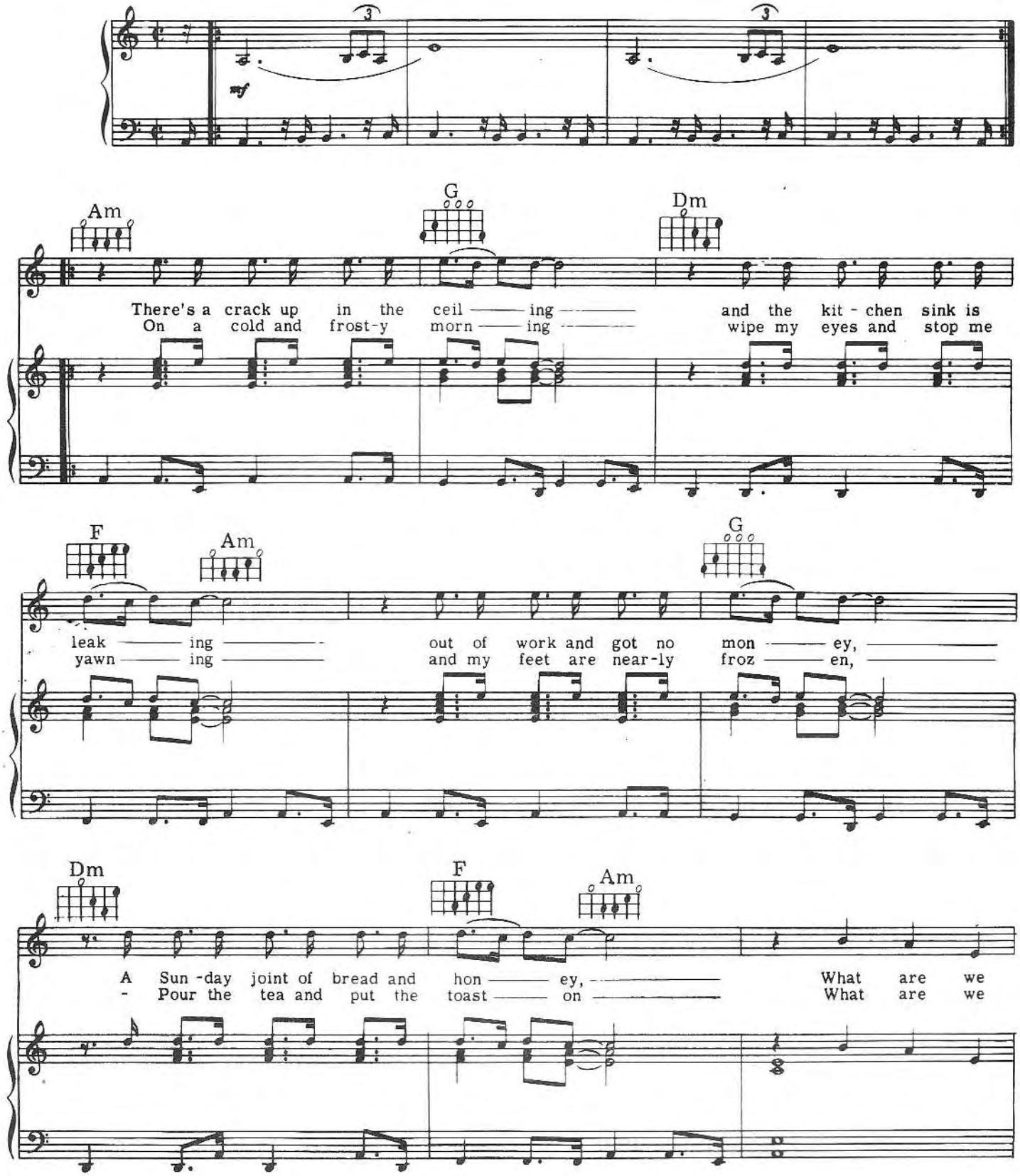
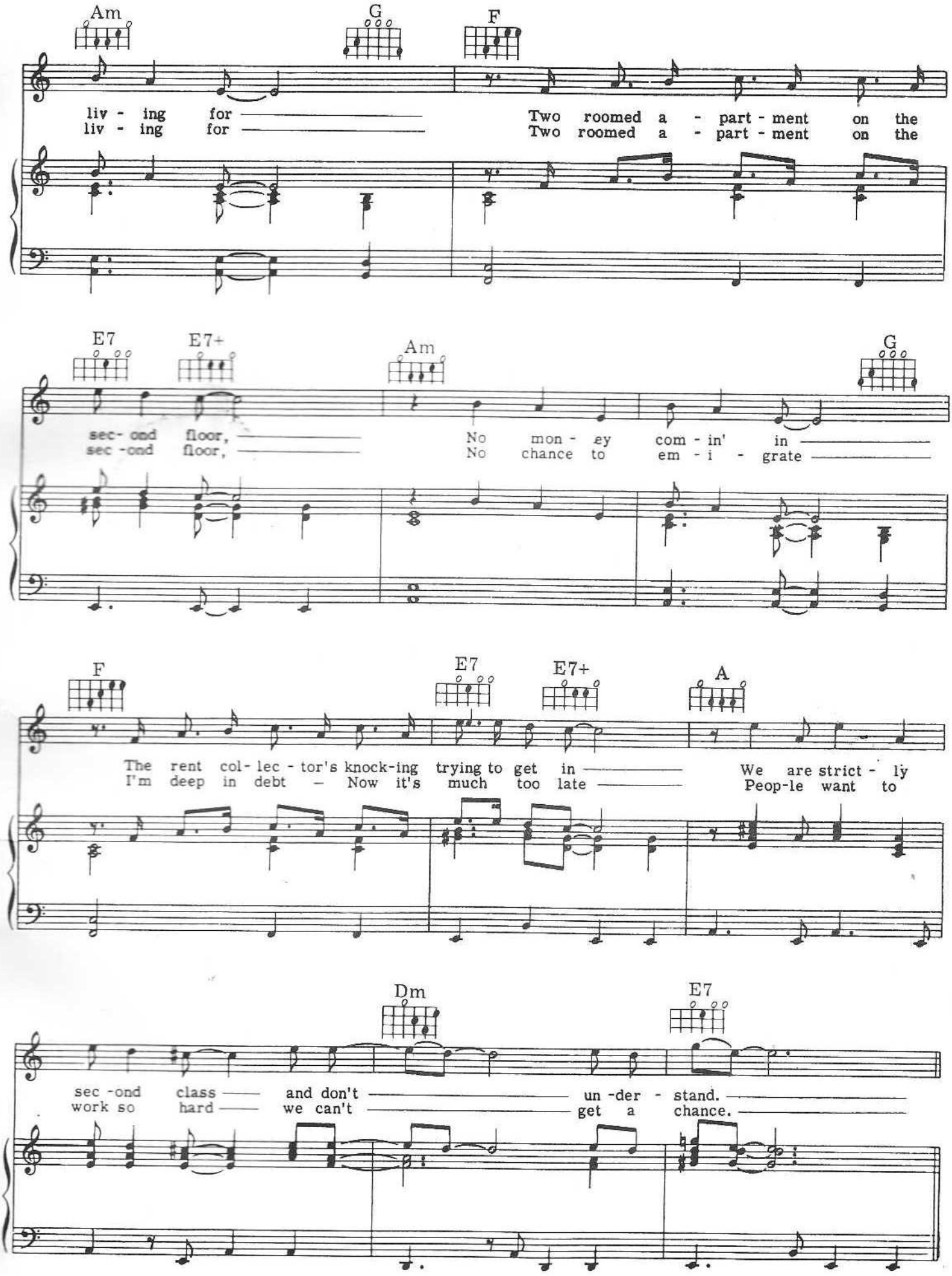
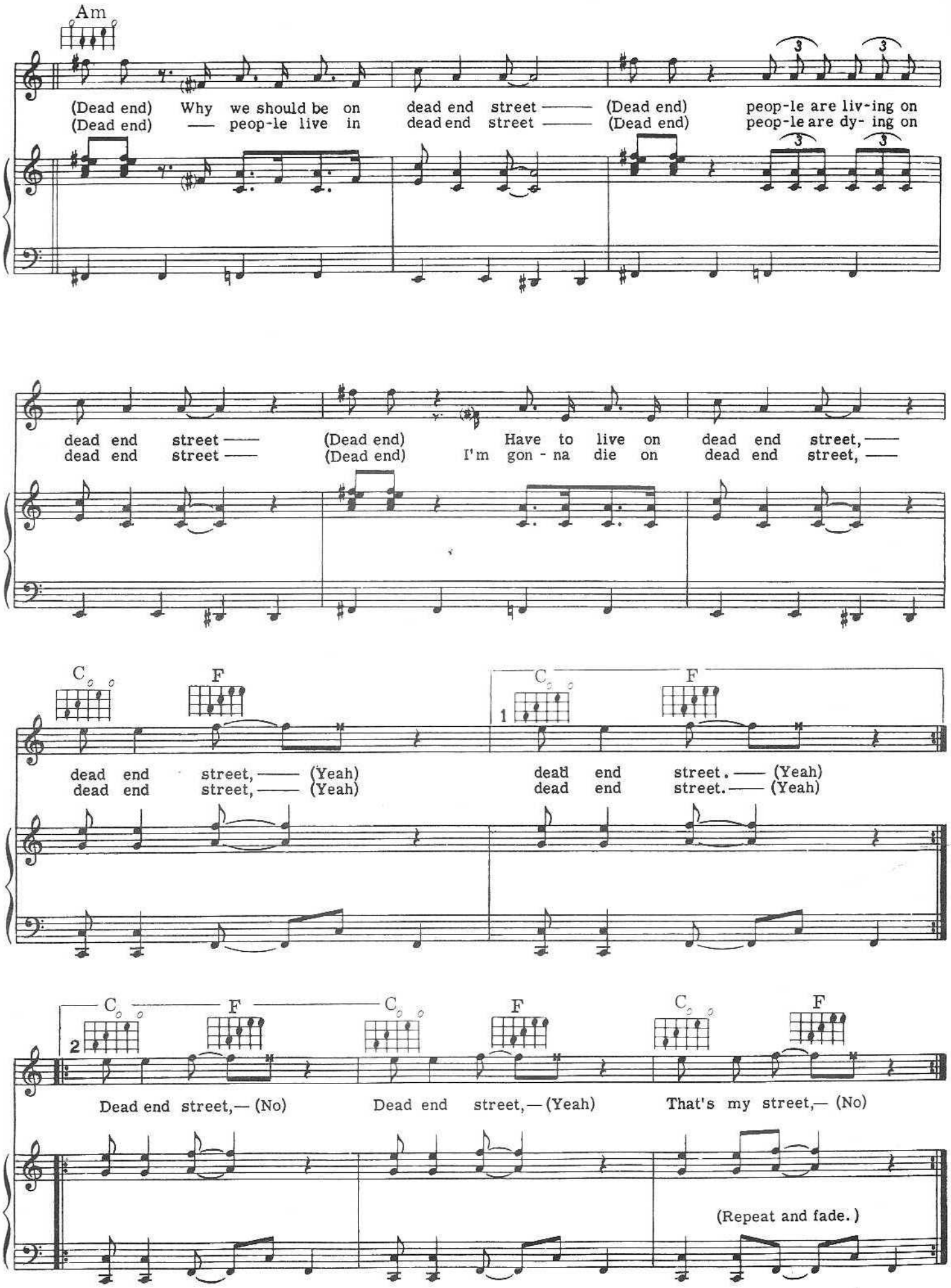



Am G F
liv - ing for Two roomed a - part - ment on the
liv - ing for Two roomed a - part - ment on the
E7 E7+ Am G
sec- ond floor, No mon - ey com - in' in
sec -ond floor, No chance to em - i - grate
F E7 E7+ A
The rent col- lec - tor's knock-ing trying to get in We are strict - ly
I'm deep in debt – Now it's much too late Peop-le want to
Dm E7
sec -ond class and don't un -der - stand.
work so hard we can't get a chance.


Am
(Dead end) Why we should be on dead end street —— (Dead end) peop-le are liv-ing on
(Dead end) —— peop-le live in dead end street —— (Dead end) peop-le are dy- ing on
dead end street —— (Dead end) Have to live on dead end street, ——
dead end street —— (Dead end) I'm gon - na die on dead end street, ——
C F C F
dead end street, —— (Yeah) dead end street. —— (Yeah)
dead end street, —— (Yeah) dead end street. —— (Yeah)
C F C F C F
Dead end street, — (No) Dead end street, — (Yeah) That's my street, — (No)
(Repeat and fade.)

Sunny Afternoon

Words & Music by Ray Davies

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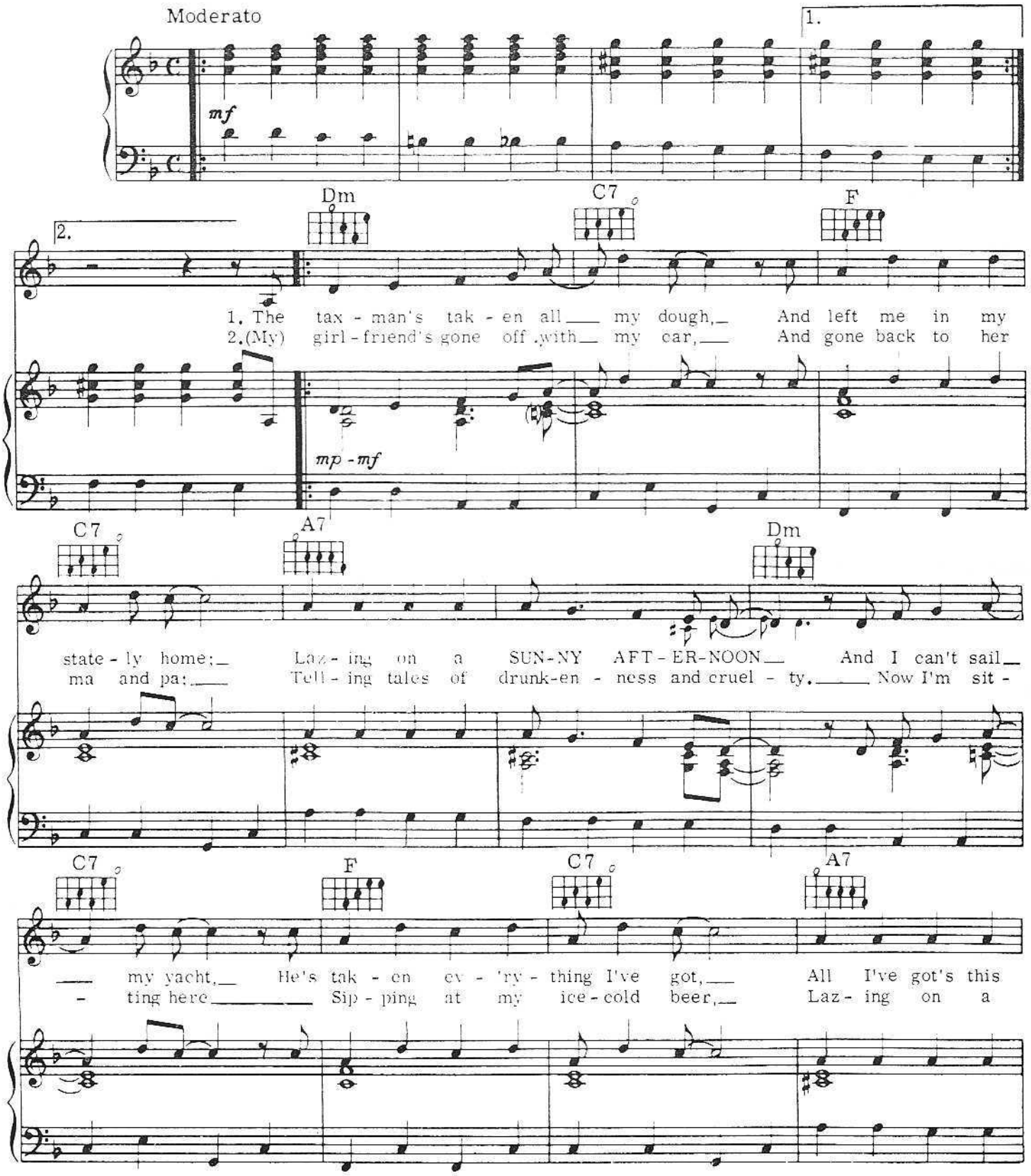
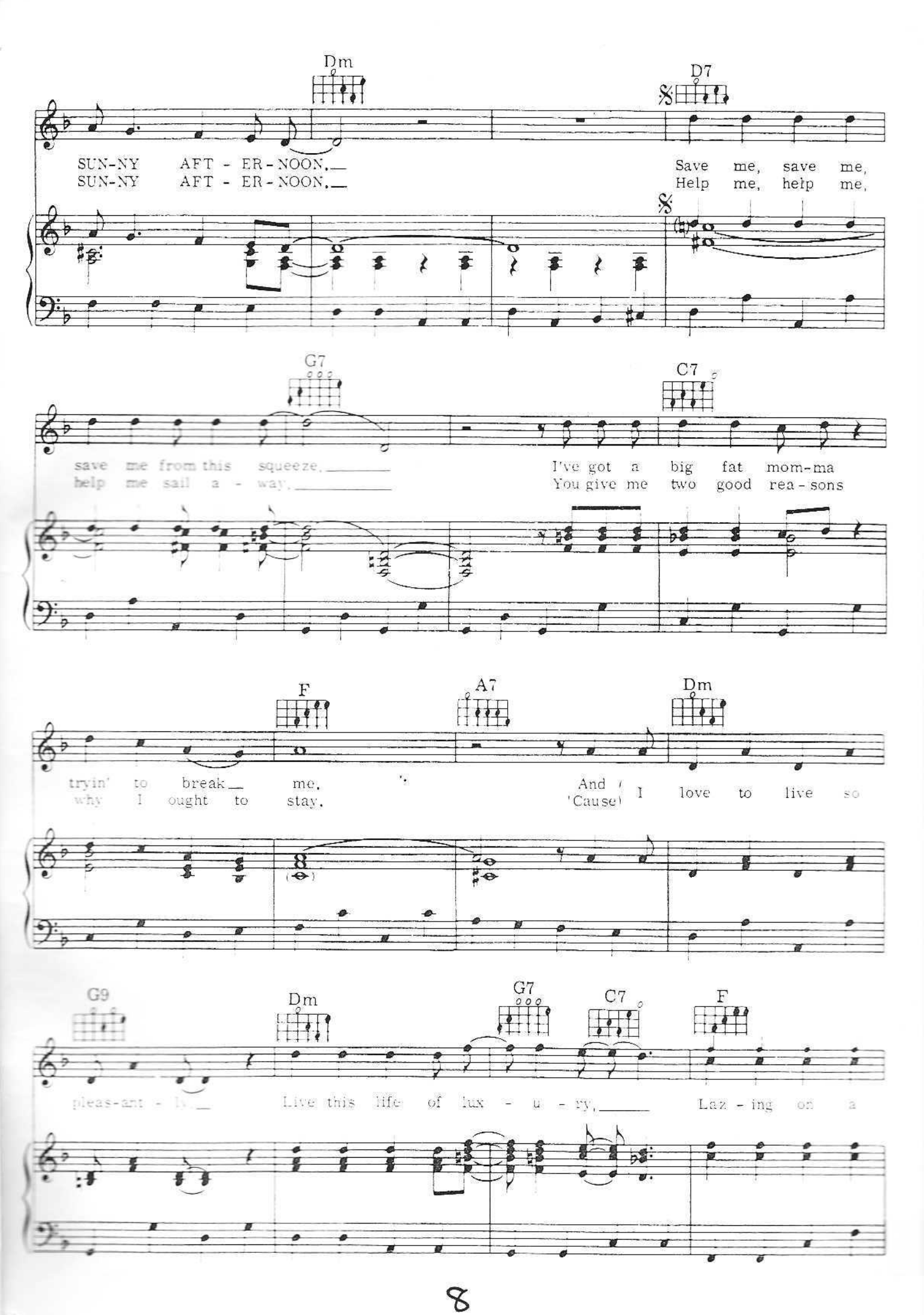
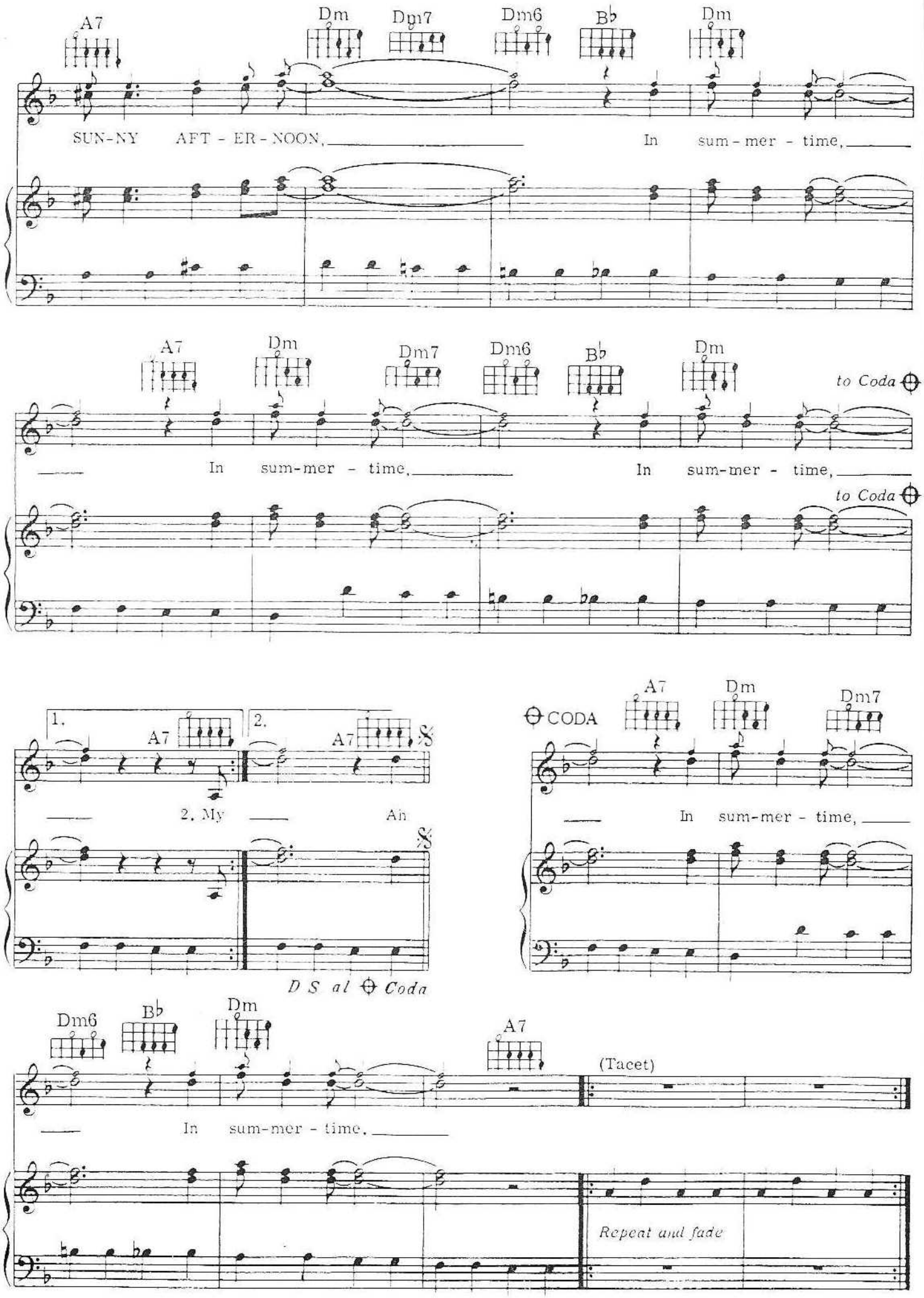



Dm
D7
SUN-NY AFT - ER-NOON.
SUN-NY AFT - ER-NOON.
Save me, save me,
Help me, help me,
G7
C7
save me from this squeeze.
help me sail a - way.
I've got a big fat mom-ma
You give me two good rea - sons
F
A7
Dm
tryin' to break me.
why I ought to stay.
And
'Cause
I love to live so
G9
Dm
G7
C7
F
pleas-ant - ly
Live this life of lux - u - ry,
Laz - ing on a


A7
Dm
Dm7
Dm6
B♭
Dm
SUN-NY AFT - ER - NOON,
In sum - mer - time,
A7
Dm
Dm7
Dm6
B♭
Dm
to Coda
In sum-mer - time,
In sum-mer - time,
to Coda
1.
2.
A7
A7
2. My
An
D S al Coda
CODA
A7
Dm
Dm7
In sum-mer - time,
Dm6
B♭
Dm
A7
(Tacet)
In sum-mer - time,
Repeat and fade

Apeman

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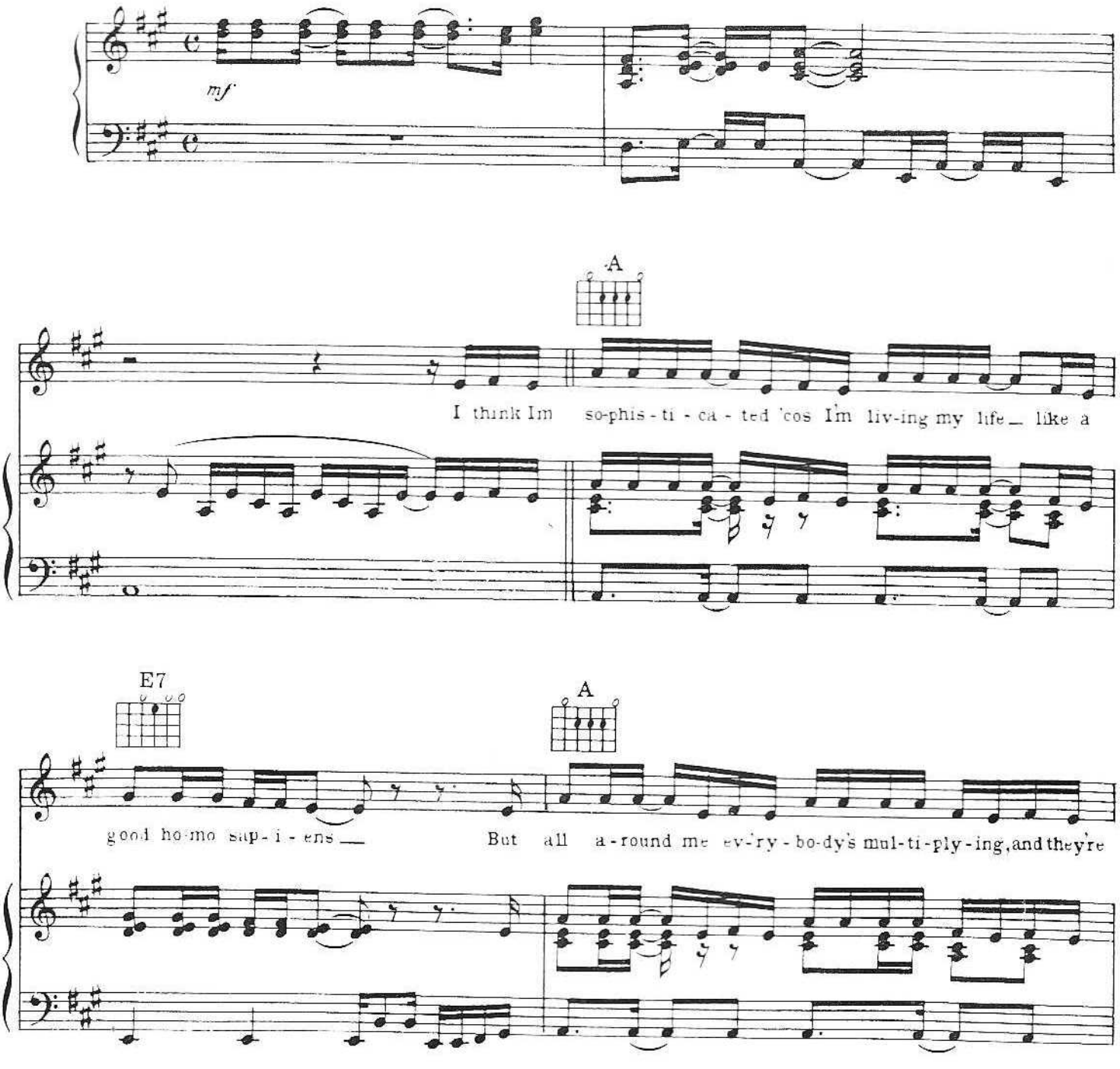
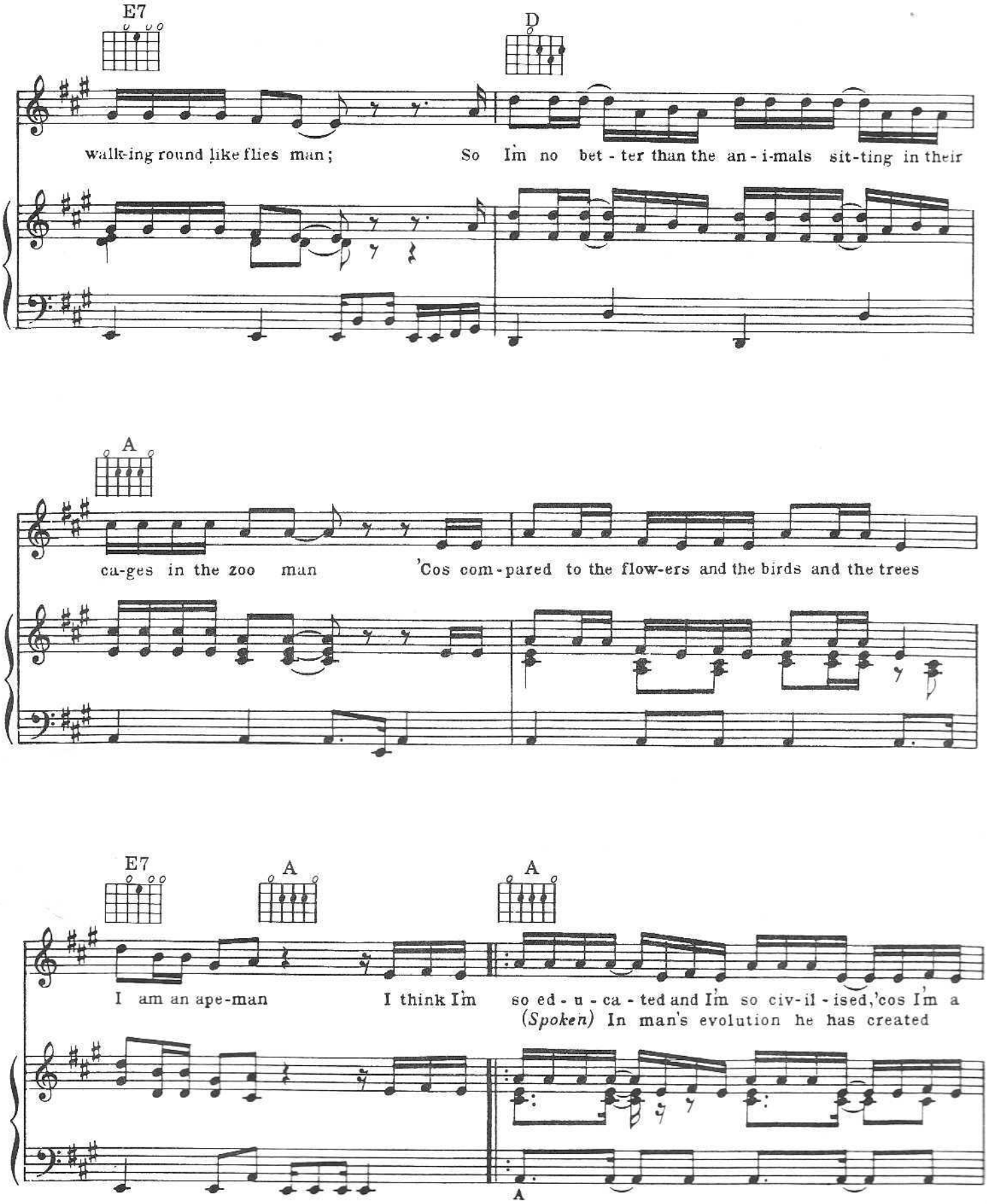
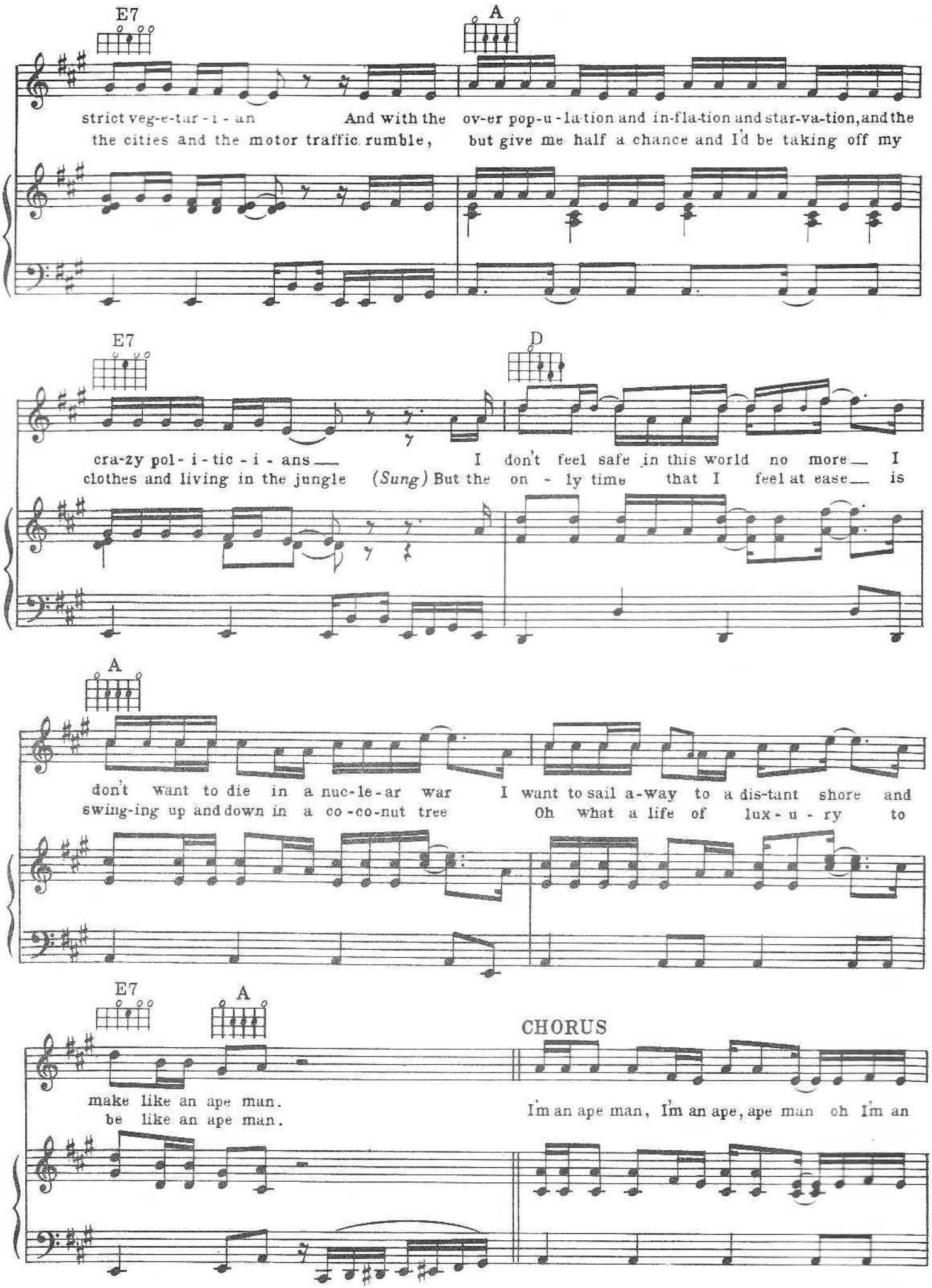
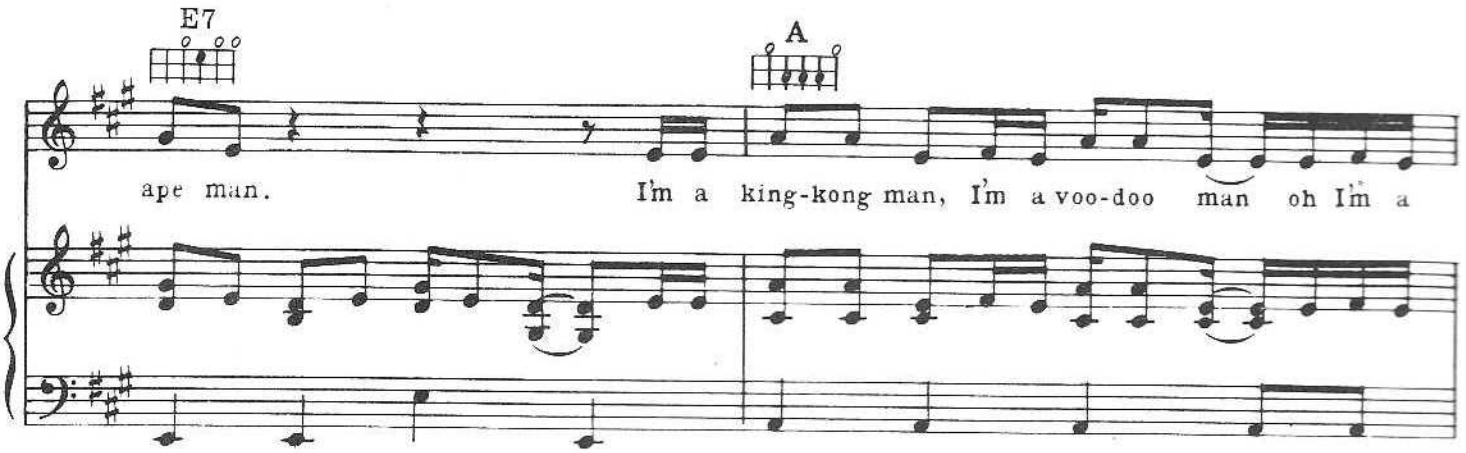
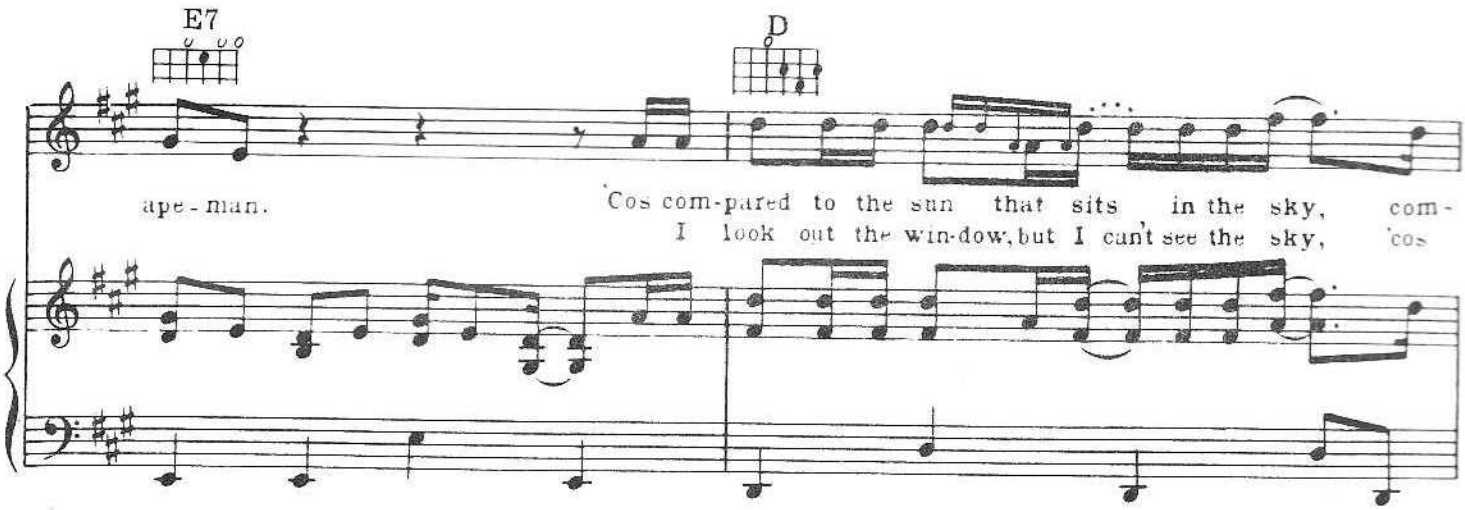
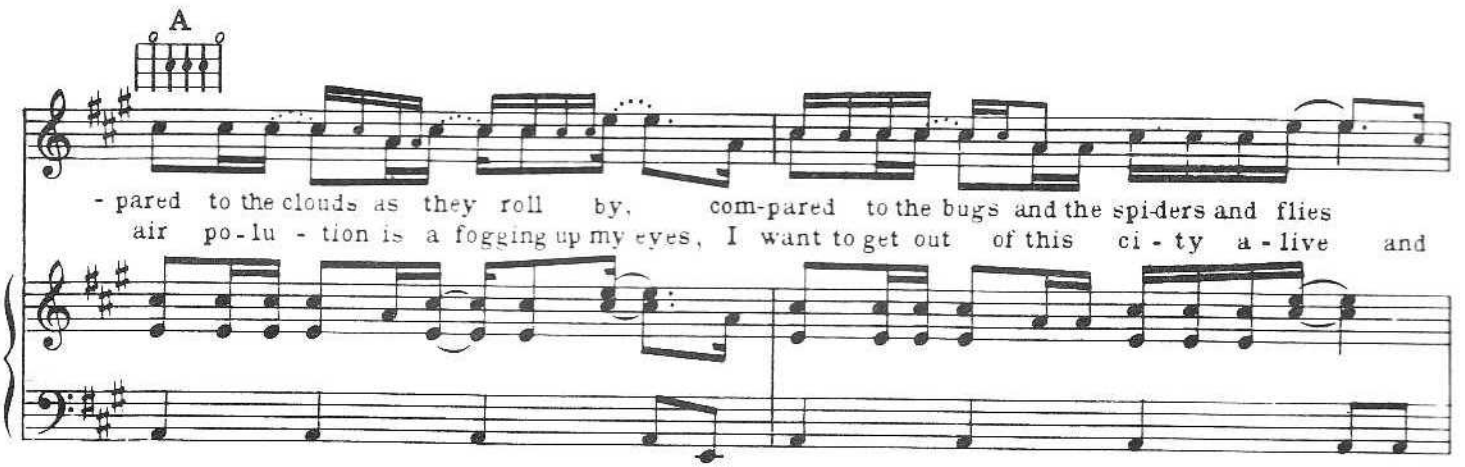


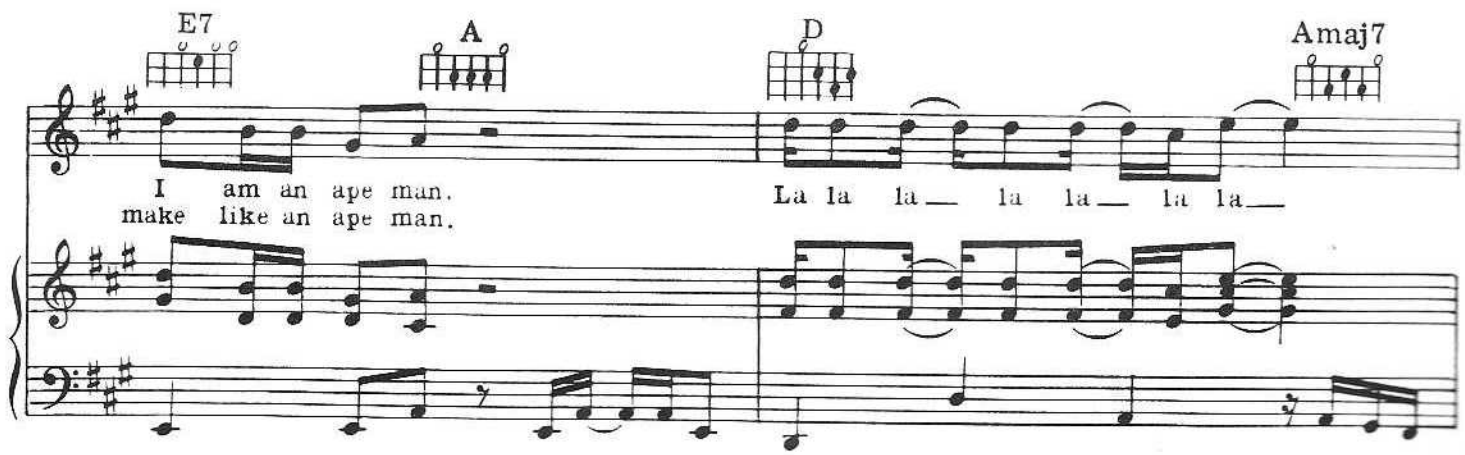

E7
D
walk-ing round like flies man;
So I'm no bet - ter than the an - i-mals sit-ting in their
A
ca-ges in the zoo man
'Cos com - pared to the flow-ers and the birds and the trees
E7
A
A
I am an ape-man
I think I'm
so ed - u - ca - ted and I'm so civ-il - ised,'cos I'm a
(Spoken) In man's evolution he has created
A

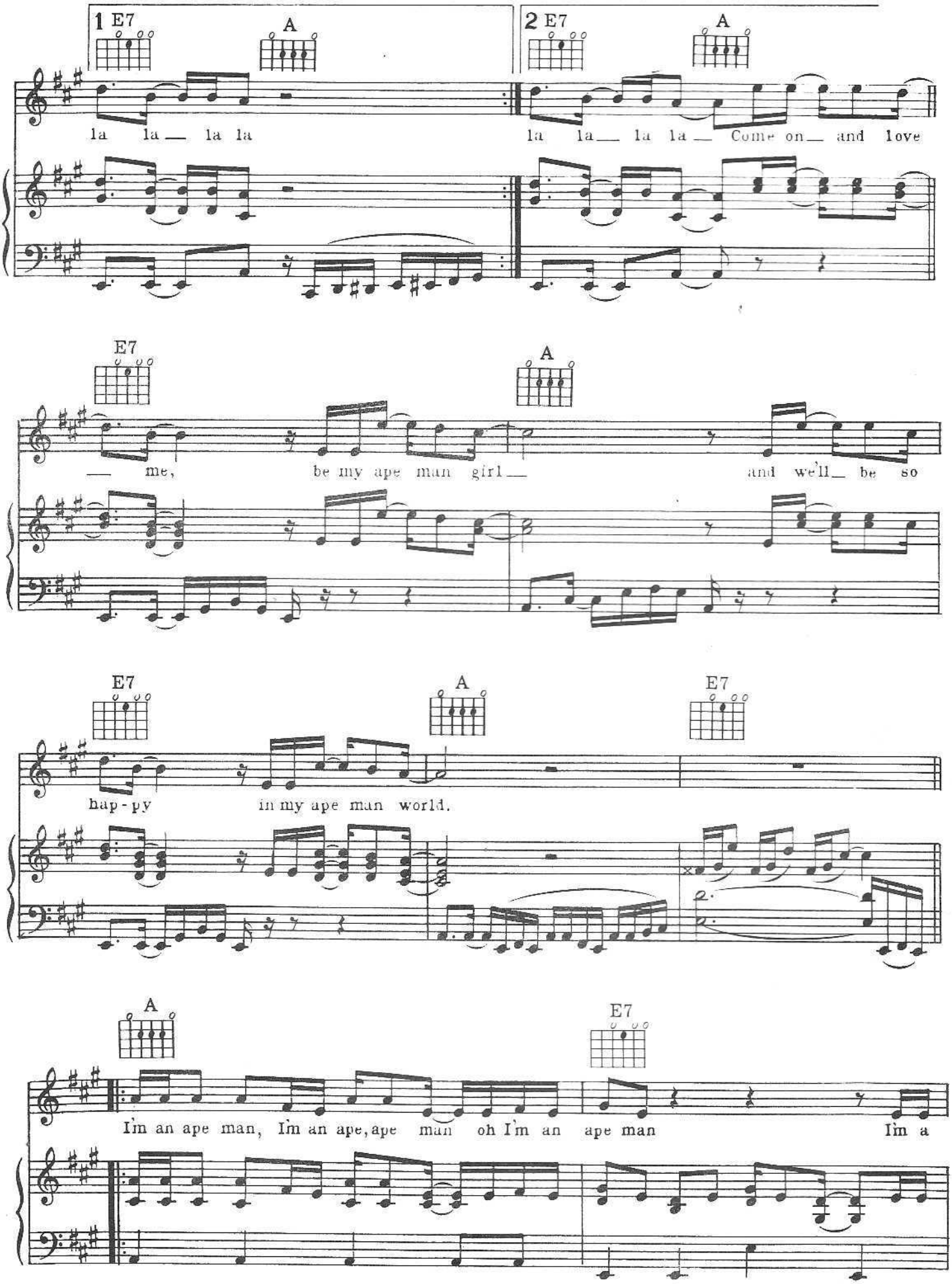

E7
A
strict veg-e-tar-i-an And with the ov-er pop-u-la-tion and in-fla-tion and star-va-tion, and the
the cities and the motor traffic rumble, but give me half a chance and I'd be taking off my
E7
D
cra-zy pol-i-tic-i-ans I don't feel safe in this world no more I
clothes and living in the jungle (Sung) But the on-ly time that I feel at ease is
A
don't want to die in a nuc-le-ar war I want to sail a-way to a dis-tant shore and
swing-ing up and down in a co-co-nut tree Oh what a life of lux-u-ry to
E7
A
CHORUS
make like an ape man.
be like an ape man.
I'm an ape man, I'm an ape, ape man oh I'm an

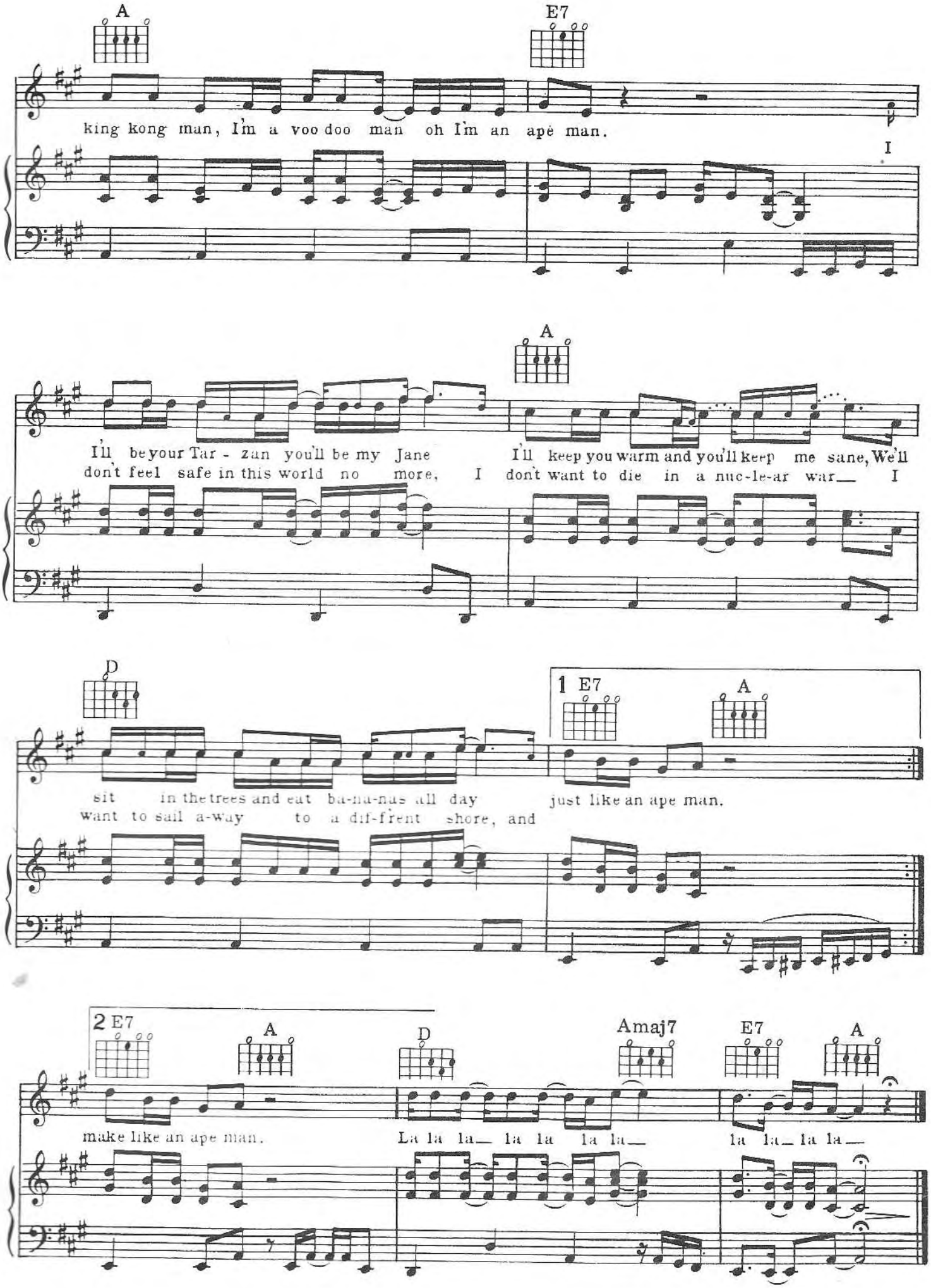

E7
A
ape man.
I'm a king-kong man, I'm a voo-doo man oh I'm a


E7
D
ape-man.
'Cos com-pared to the sun that sits in the sky, com-
I look out the win-dow, but I can't see the sky, 'cos


A
- pared to the clouds as they roll by, com-pared to the bugs and the spi-ders and flies
air po-lu - tion is a fogging up my eyes, I want to get out of this ci - ty a - live and


E7
A
D
Amaj7
I am an ape man.
make like an ape man.
La la la la la la la la


1 E7
A
la la la la
2 E7
A
la la la la Come on and love
E7
A
me, be my ape man girl and we'll be so
E7
A
E7
hap-py in my ape man world.
A
E7
I'm an ape man, I'm an ape, ape man oh I'm an ape man I'm a


A
E7
king kong man, I'm a voo doo man oh I'm an ape man.
I
A
I'll be your Tar - zan you'll be my Jane I'll keep you warm and you'll keep me sane, We'll
don't feel safe in this world no more, I don't want to die in a nuc-le-ar war I
D
1 E7
A
sit in the trees and eat ba-na-nas all day just like an ape man.
want to sail a-way to a dif-f'rent shore, and
2 E7
A
D
Amaj7
E7
A
make like an ape man.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Death Of A Clown.

Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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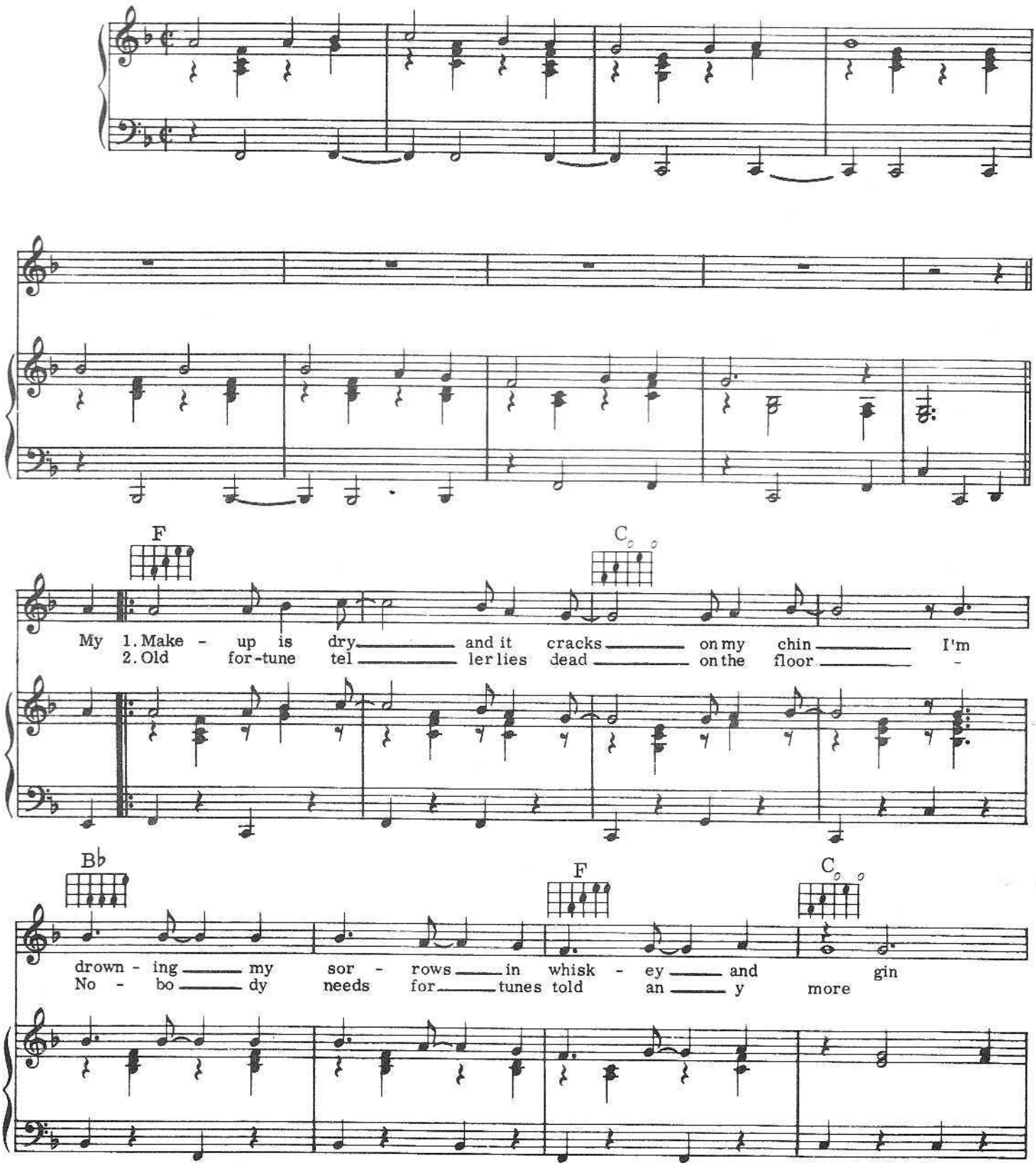
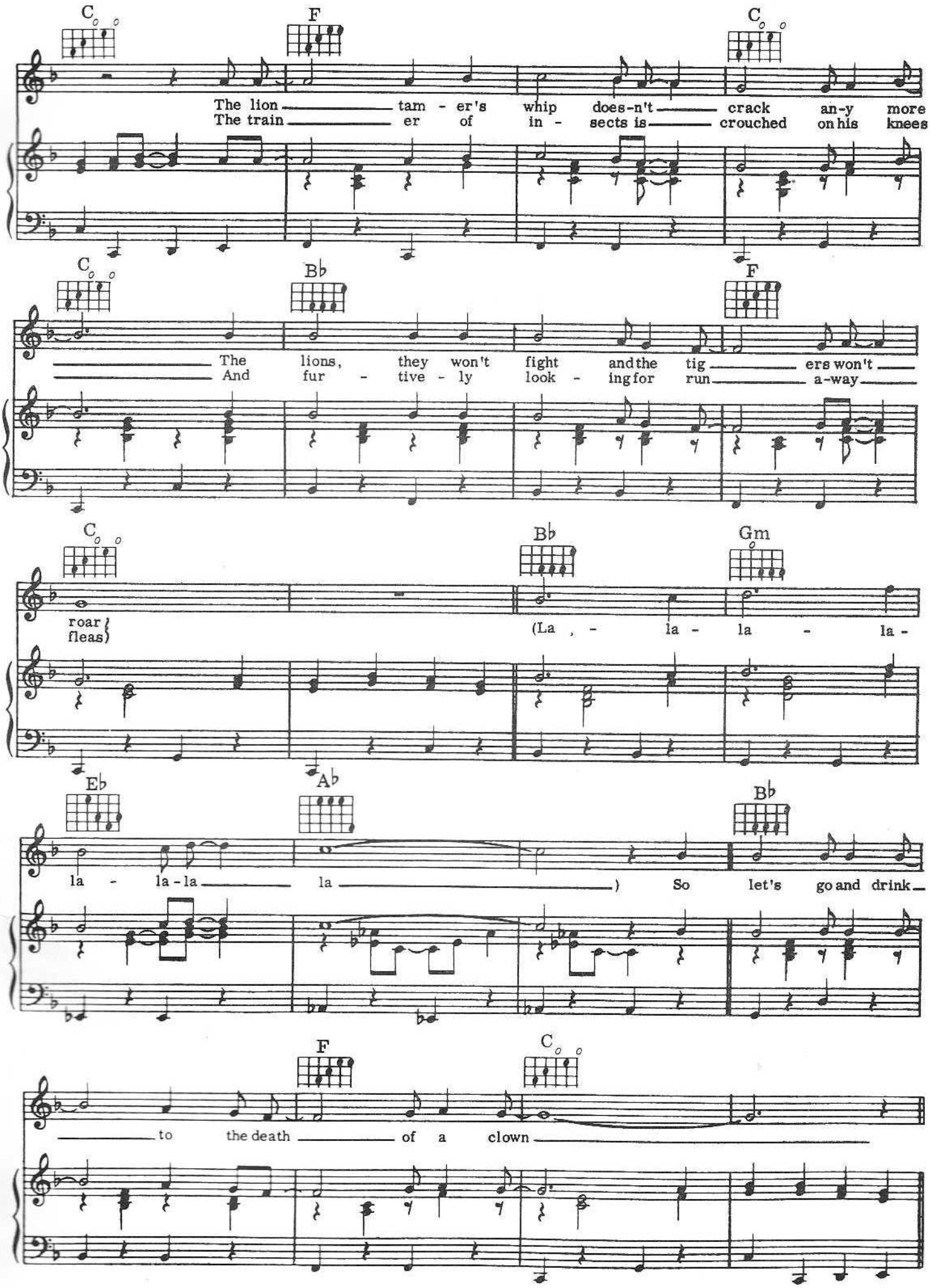
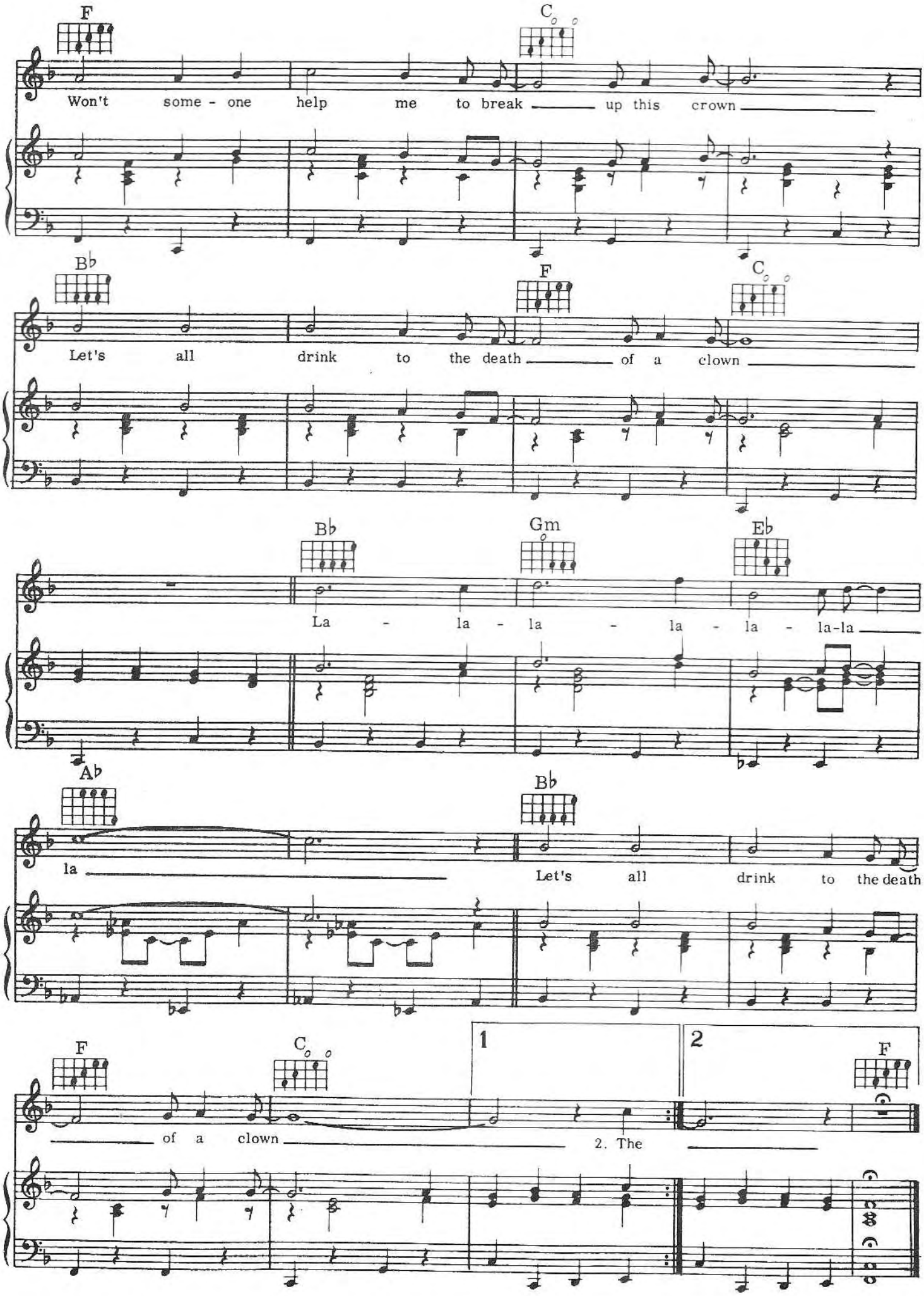



C F C
The lion tam - er's whip does-n't crack an-y more
The train er of in - sects is crouched on his knees
C Bb F
The lions, they won't fight and the tig ers won't
And fur - tive - ly look - ing for run a-way
C Bb Gm
roar
fleas)
(La , - la - la - la -
Eb Ab Bb
la - la - la la) So let's go and drink
F C
to the death of a clown


F
C
Won't some - one help me to break up this crown
B♭
F
C
Let's all drink to the death of a clown
B♭
Gm
E♭
La - la - la - la - la - la-la
A♭
B♭
la
Let's all drink to the death
F
C
1
2
F
of a clown
2. The

Waterloo Sunset.

Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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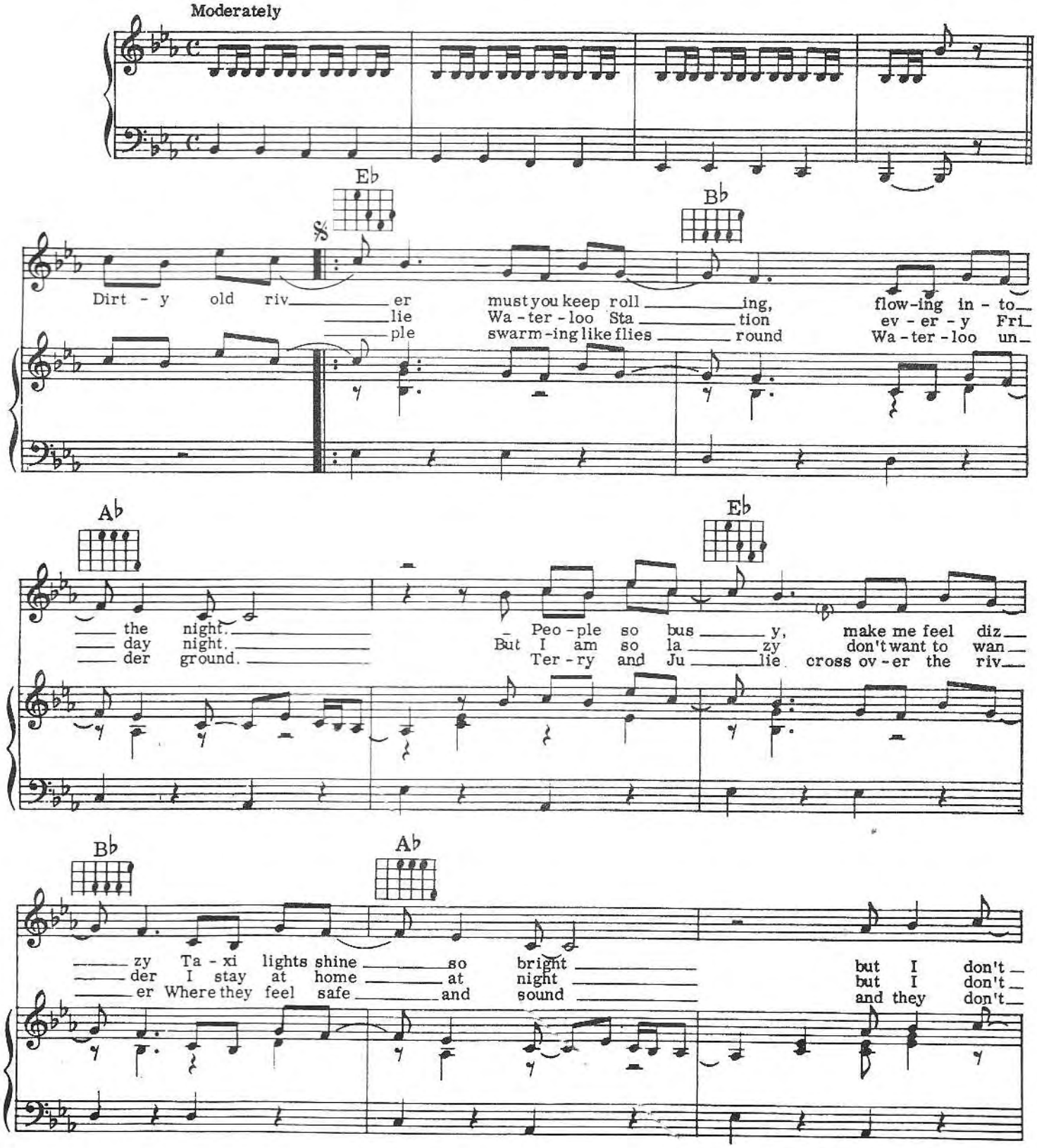
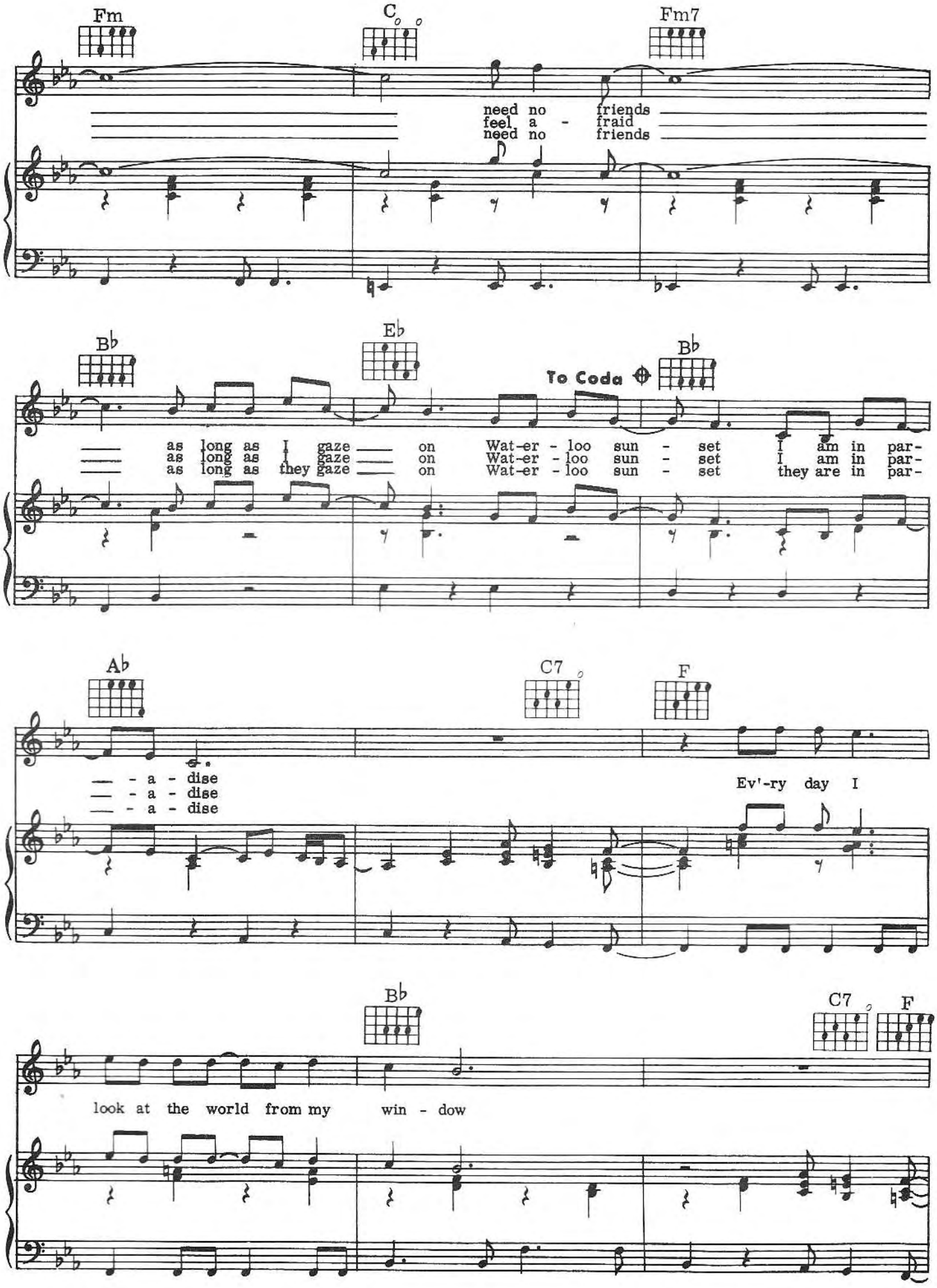
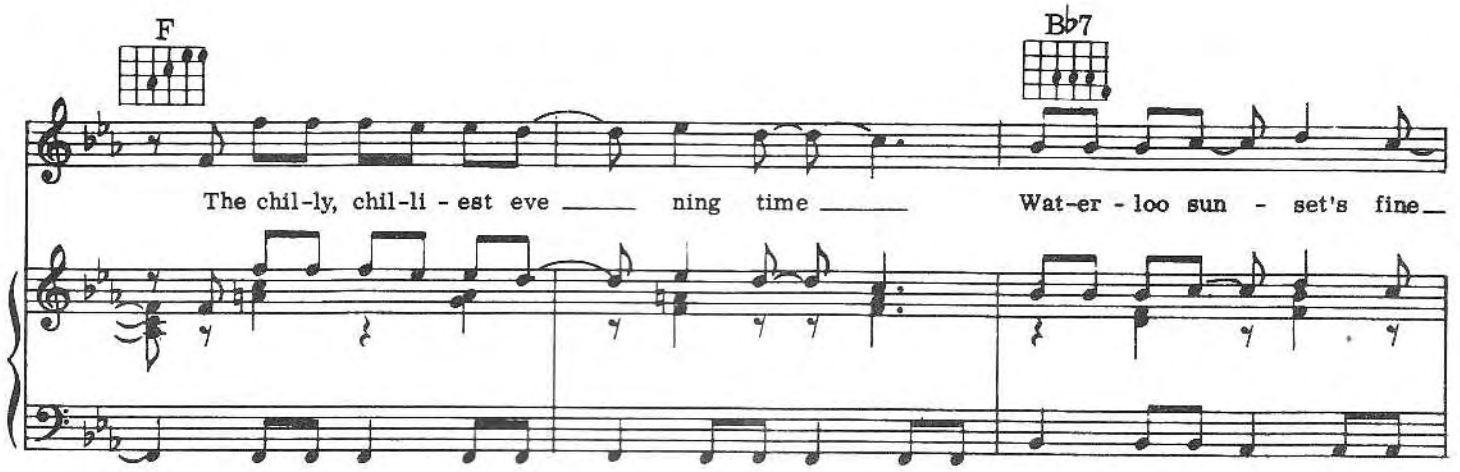
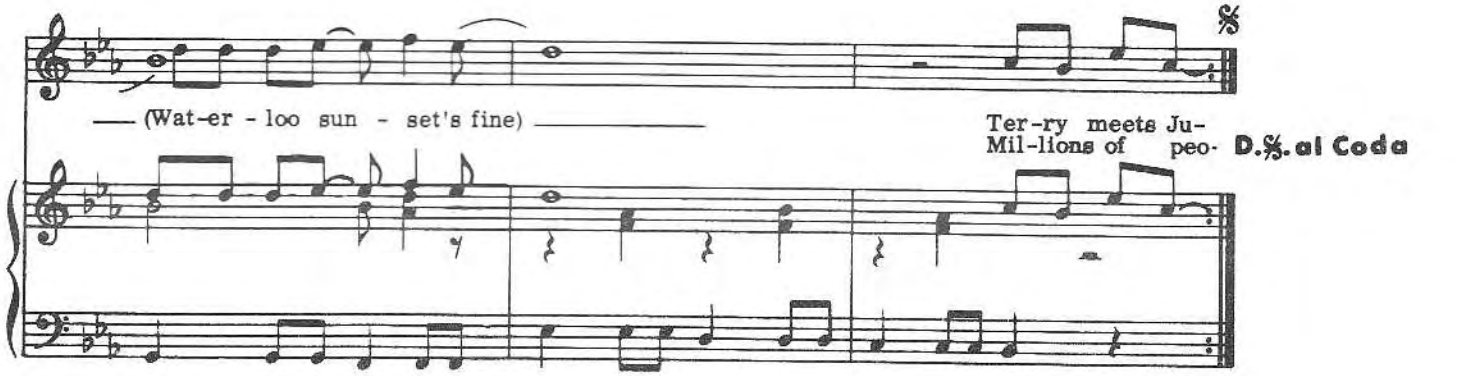
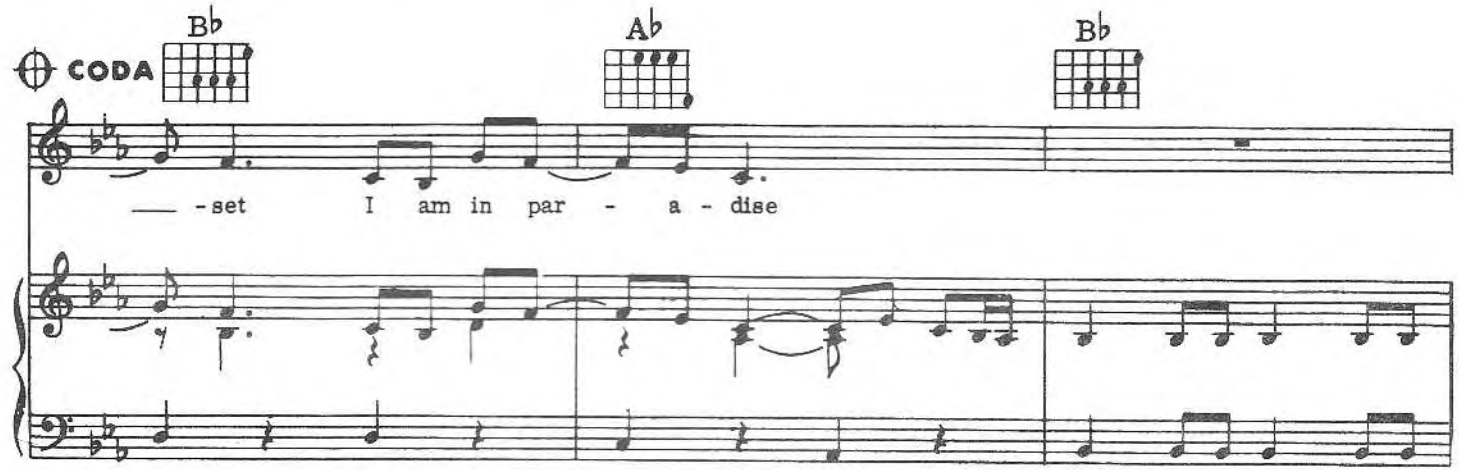
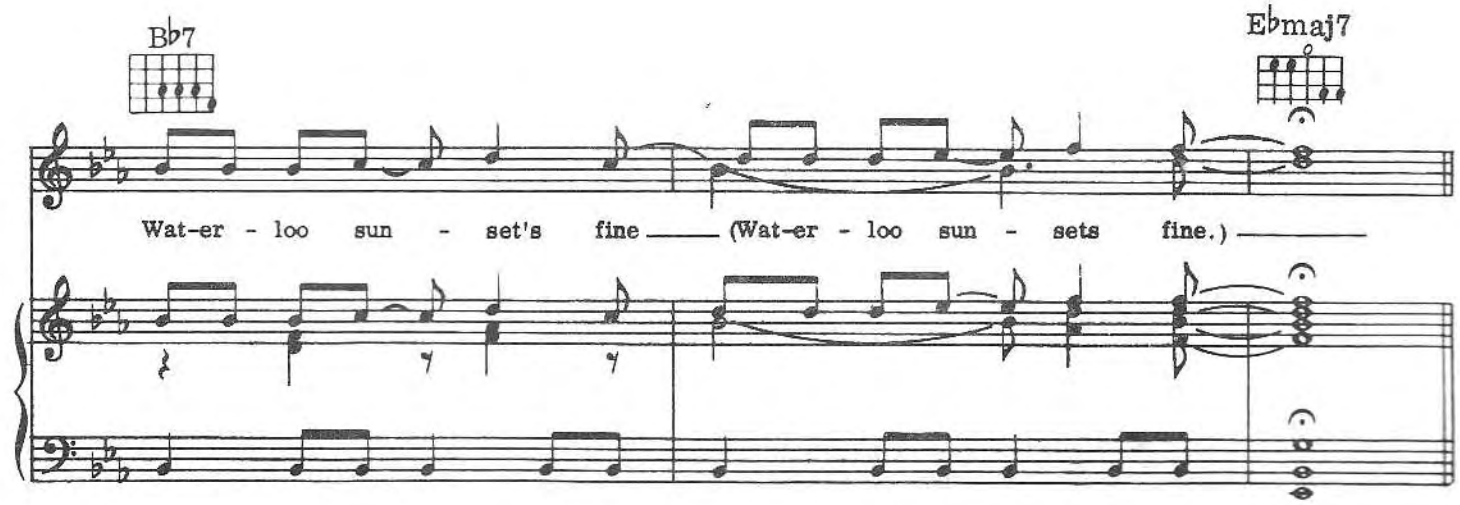



Fm
C
Fm7
need no friends
feel a - fraid
need no friends
Bb
Eb
To Coda
Bb
as long as I gaze on Wat-er - loo sun - set I am in par-
as long as I gaze on Wat-er - loo sun - set I am in par-
as long as they gaze on Wat-er - loo sun - set they are in par-
Ab
C7
F
- a - dise
- a - dise
- a - dise
Ev'-ry day I
Bb
C7
F
look at the world from my win - dow


F
B♭7
The chil-ly, chil-li - est eve ning time
Wat-er - loo sun - set's fine


(Wat-er - loo sun - set's fine)
Ter-ry meets Ju-
Mil-lions of peo-
D.𝄋. al Coda


CODA
B♭
A♭
B♭
-set I am in par - a - dise


B♭7
E♭maj7
Wat-er - loo sun - set's fine
(Wat-er - loo sun - sets fine.)

Lola.

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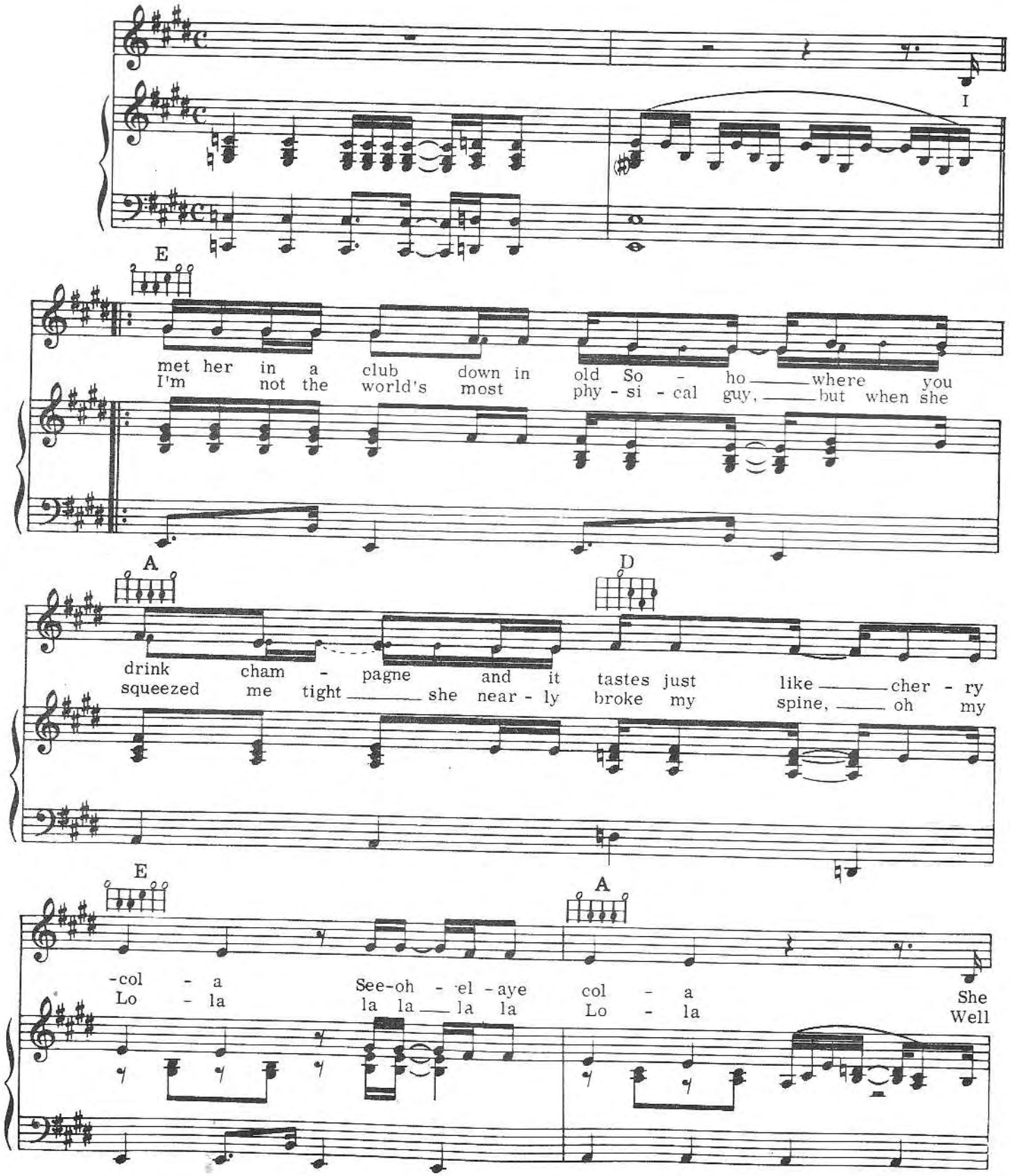
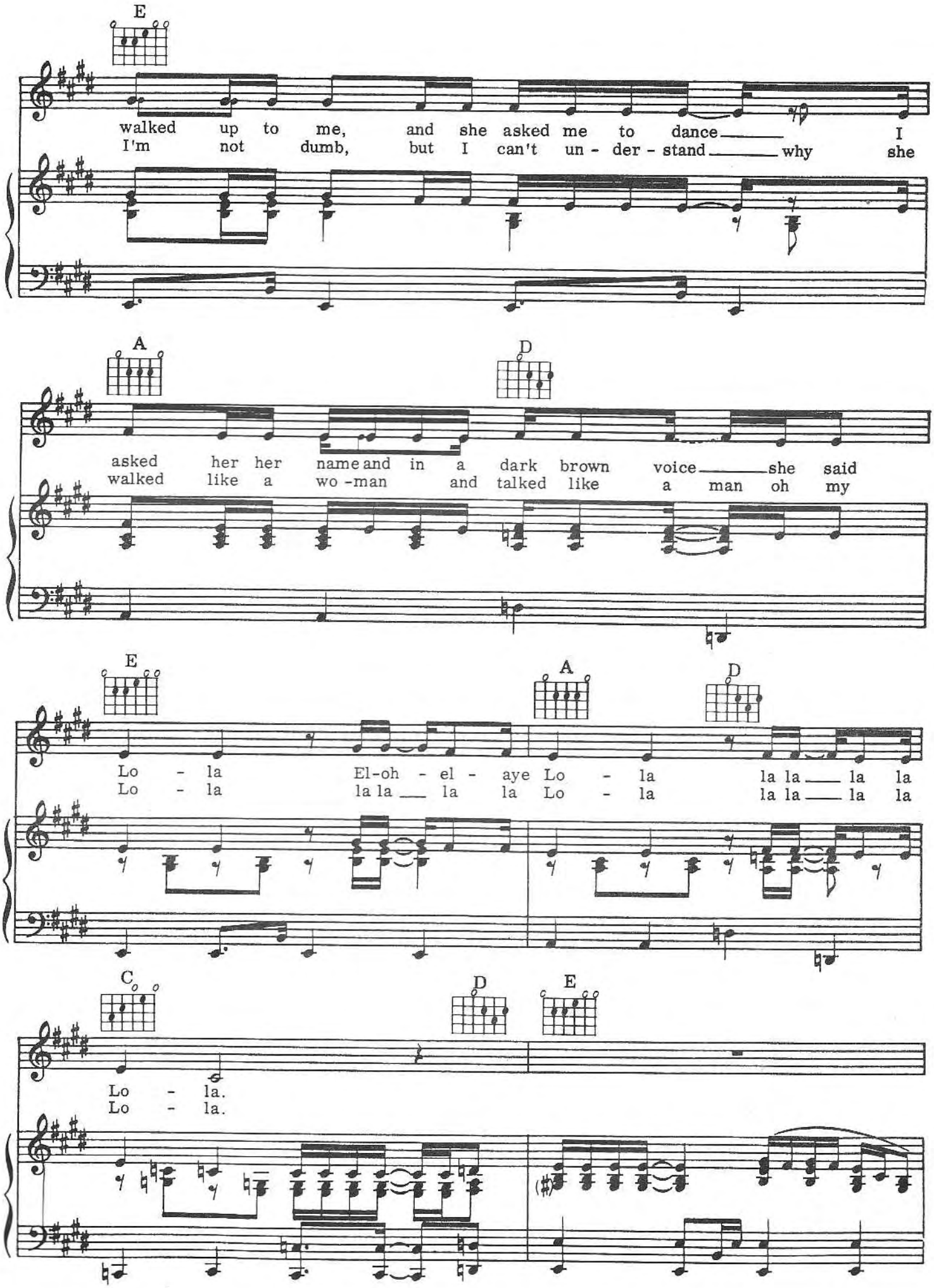
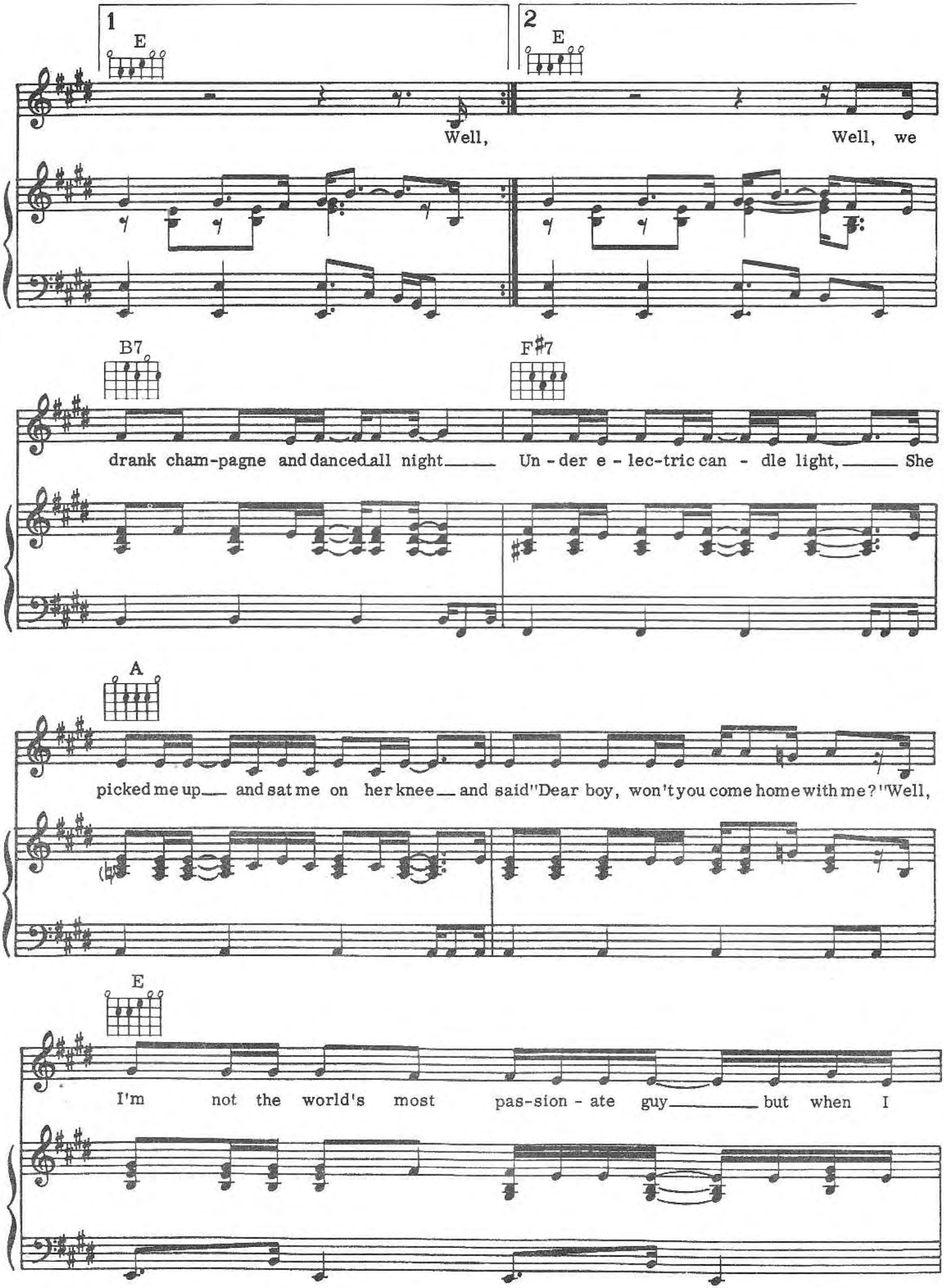
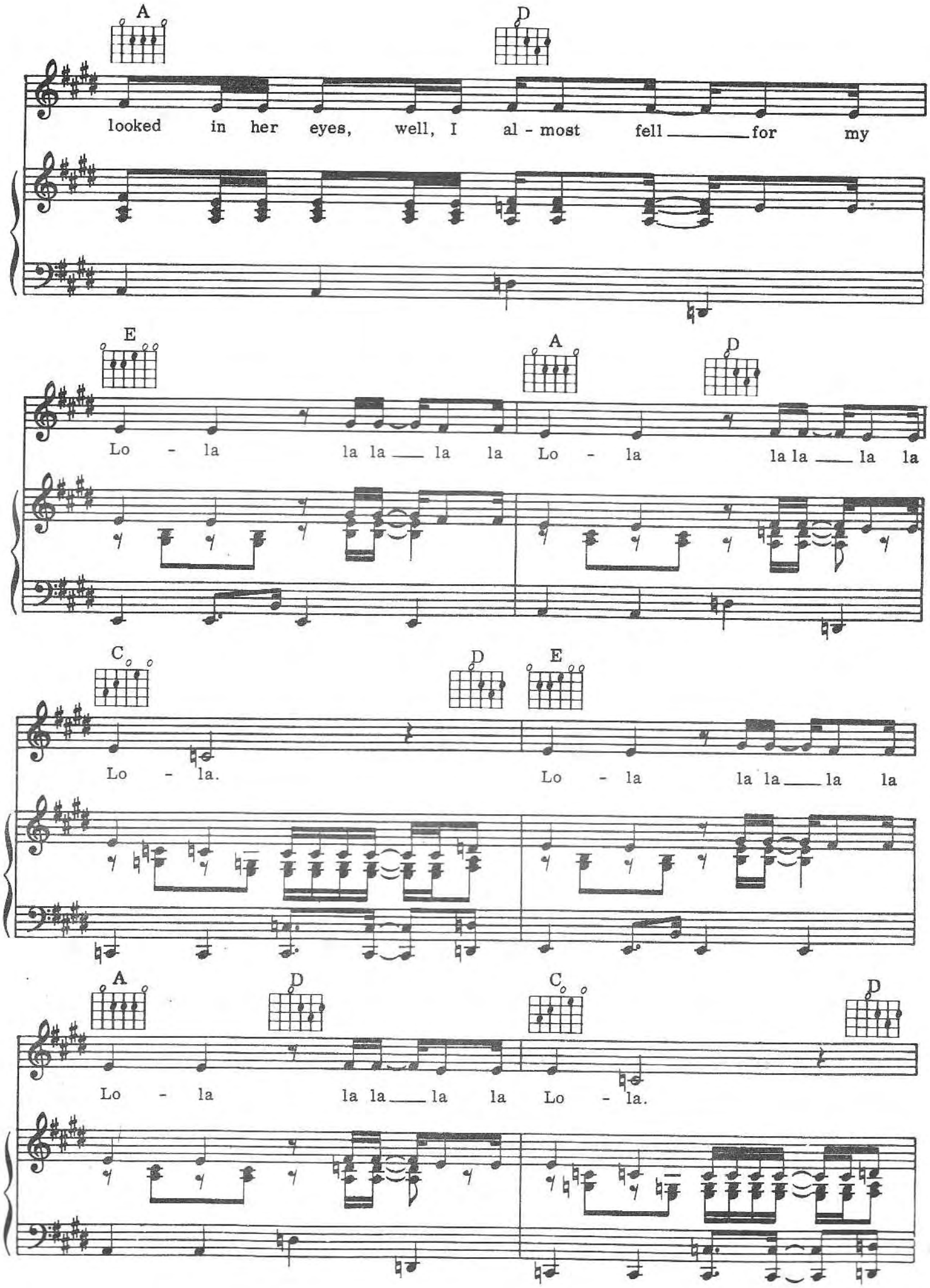
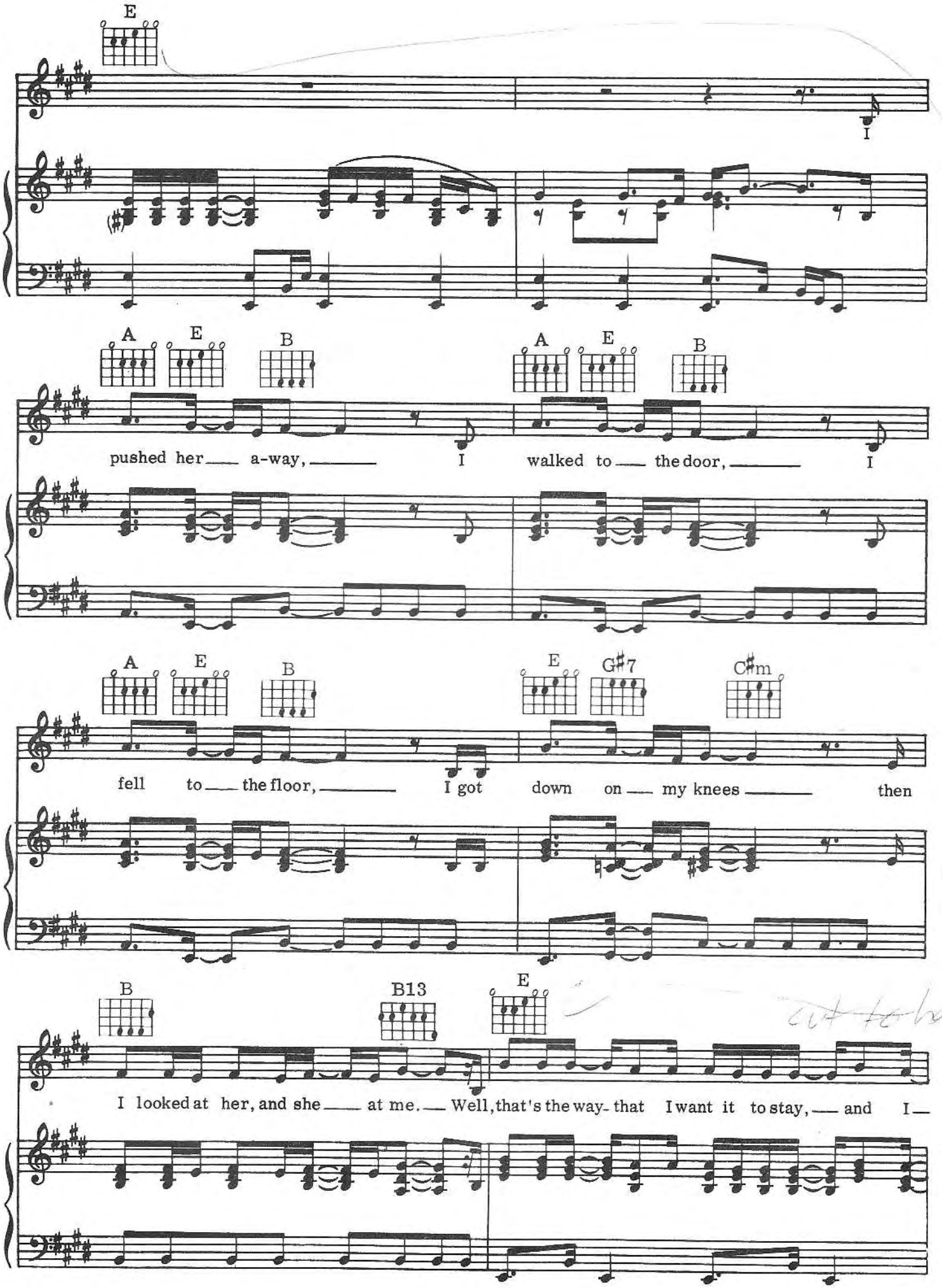
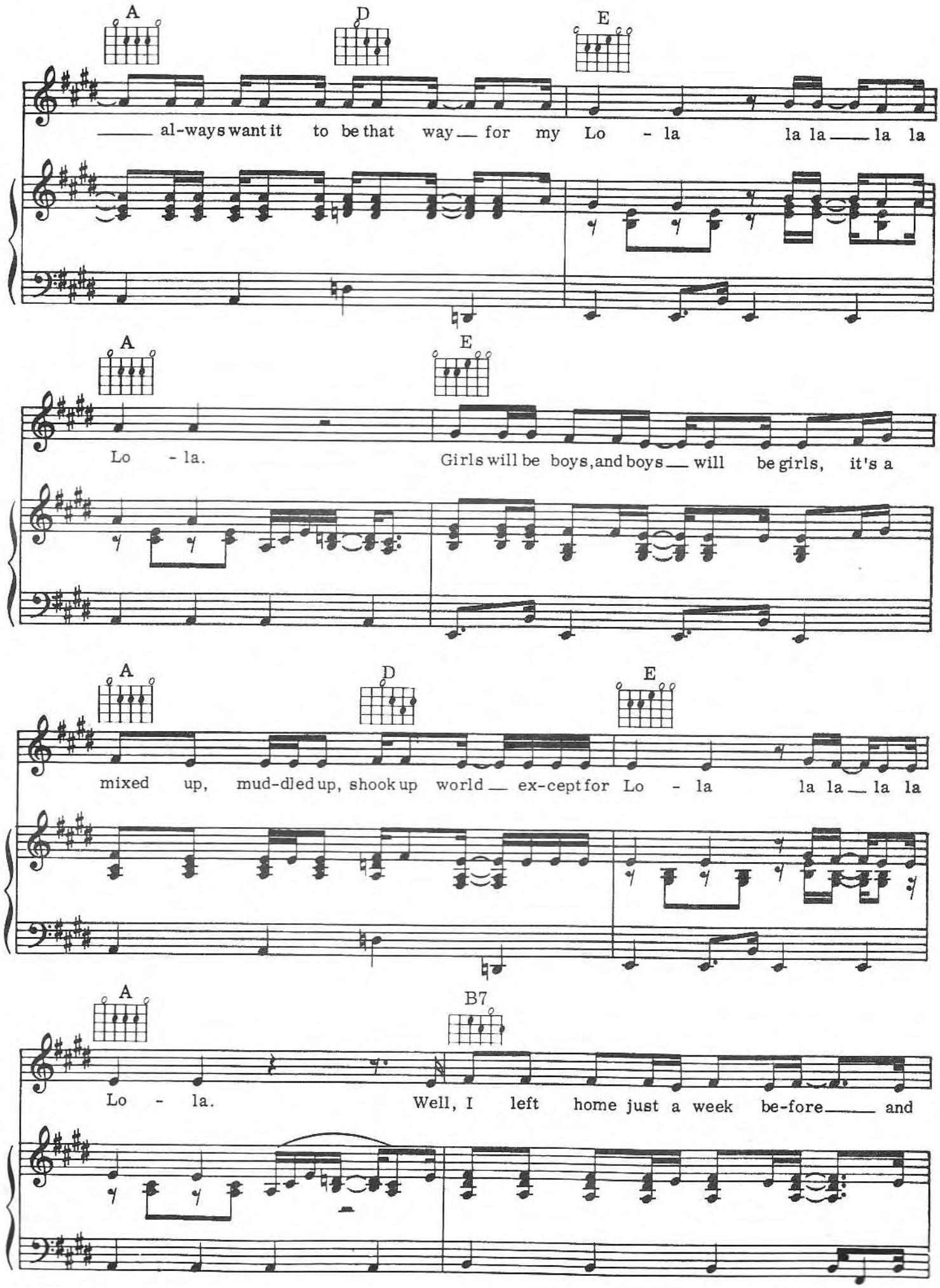


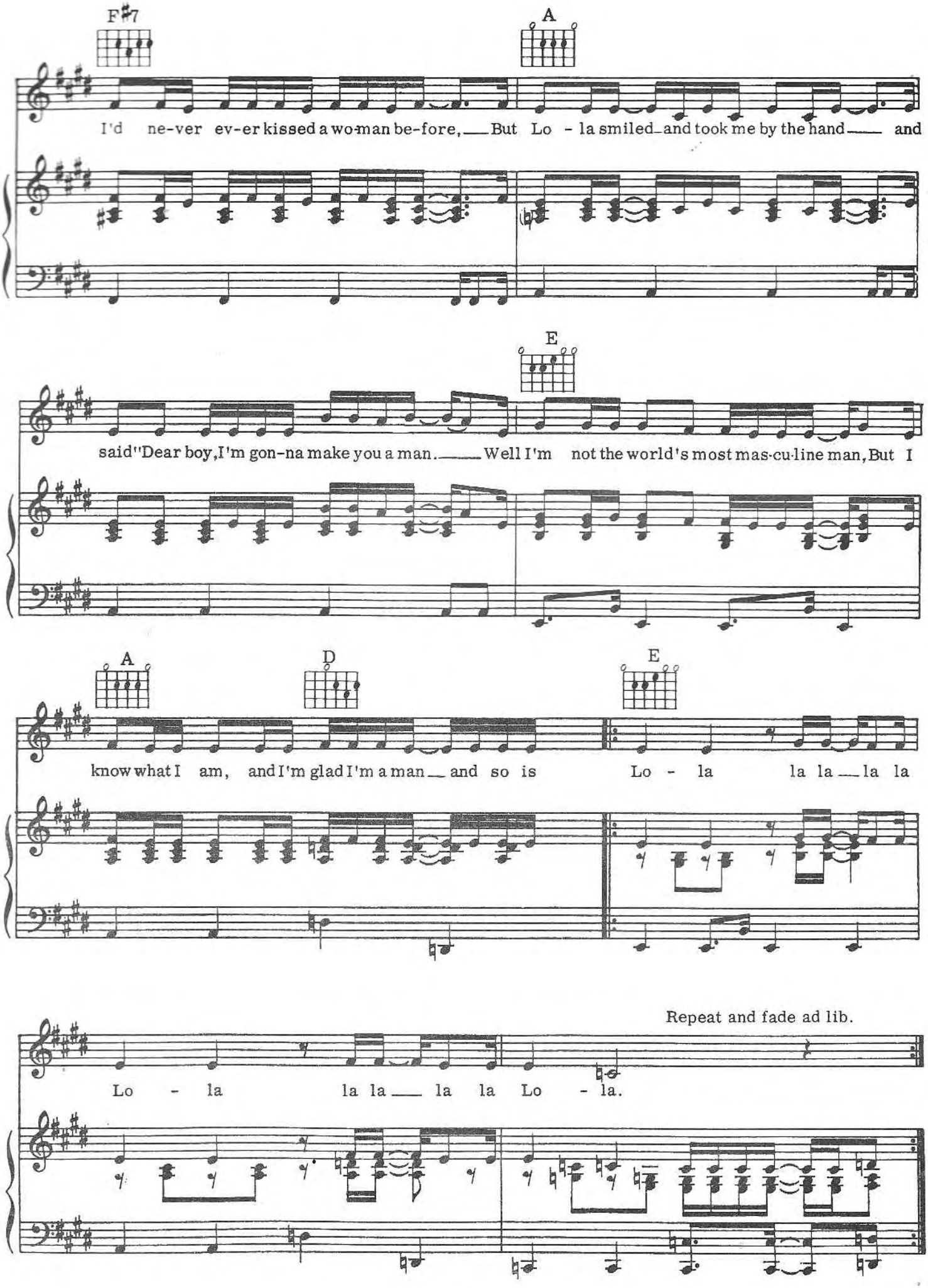

E
walked up to me, and she asked me to dance I
I'm not dumb, but I can't un - der - stand why she
A
D
asked her her name and in a dark brown voice she said
walked like a wo -man and talked like a man oh my
E
A
D
Lo - la El-oh - el - aye Lo - la la la la la
Lo - la la la la la Lo - la la la la la
C
D
E
Lo - la.
Lo - la.


1
E
2
E
Well,
Well, we
B7
F♯7
drank cham-pagne and danced all night
Un-der e-lec-tric can-dle light,
She
A
picked me up
and sat me on her knee
and said "Dear boy, won't you come home with me?" "Well,
E
I'm not the world's most pas-sion-ate guy
but when I


A
D
looked in her eyes, well, I al - most fell for my
E
A
D
Lo - la la la la la Lo - la la la la la
C
D
E
Lo - la. Lo - la la la la la
A
D
C
D
Lo - la la la la la Lo - la.


E
I
A E B
A E B
pushed her a-way, I walked to the door, I
A E B
E G♯7 C♯m
fell to the floor, I got down on my knees then
B B13 E
I looked at her, and she at me. Well, that's the way that I want it to stay, and I


A
D
E
al-ways want it to be that way for my Lo - la la la la la la
A
E
Lo - la.
Girls will be boys, and boys will be girls, it's a
A
D
E
mixed up, mud-dled up, shook up world ex-cept for Lo - la la la la la la
A
B7
Lo - la.
Well, I left home just a week be-fore and


F#7
A
I'd ne-ver ev-er kissed a wo-man be-fore, But Lo - la smiled and took me by the hand and
E
said "Dear boy, I'm gon-na make you a man. Well I'm not the world's most mas-cu-line man, But I
A
D
E
know what I am, and I'm glad I'm a man and so is Lo - la la la la la
Repeat and fade ad lib.
Lo - la la la la la Lo - la.

Days

Words & Music by Ray Davies

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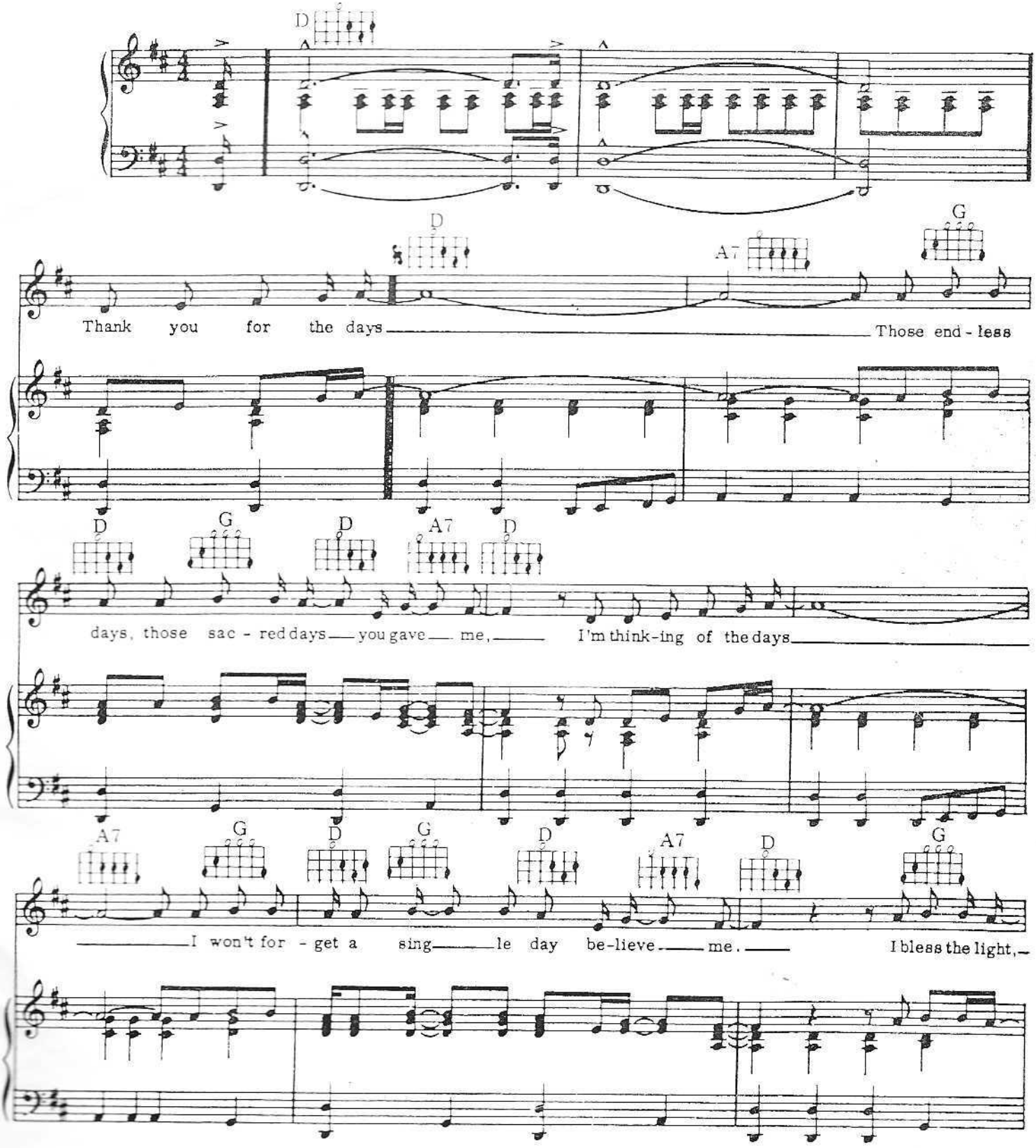
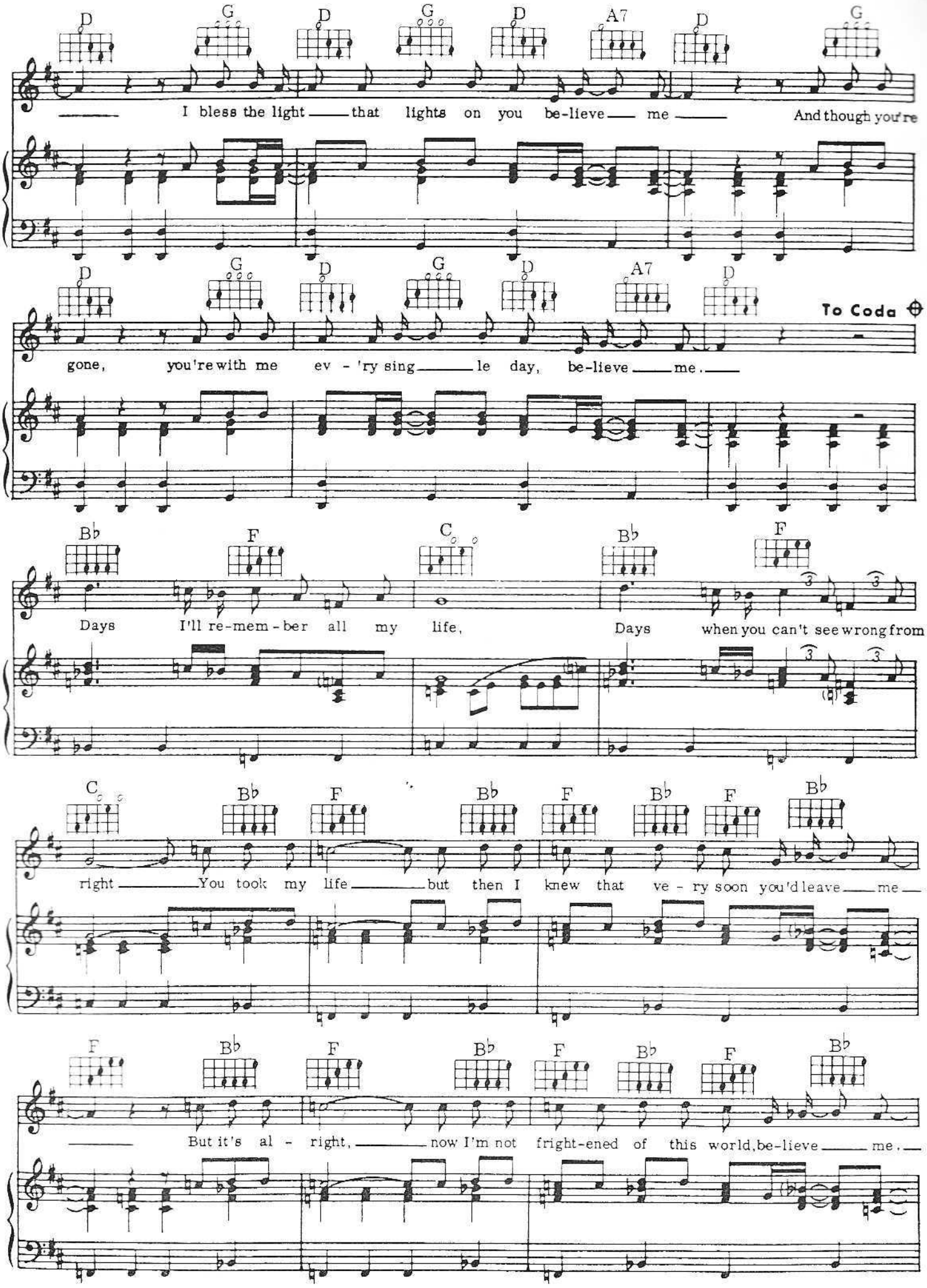
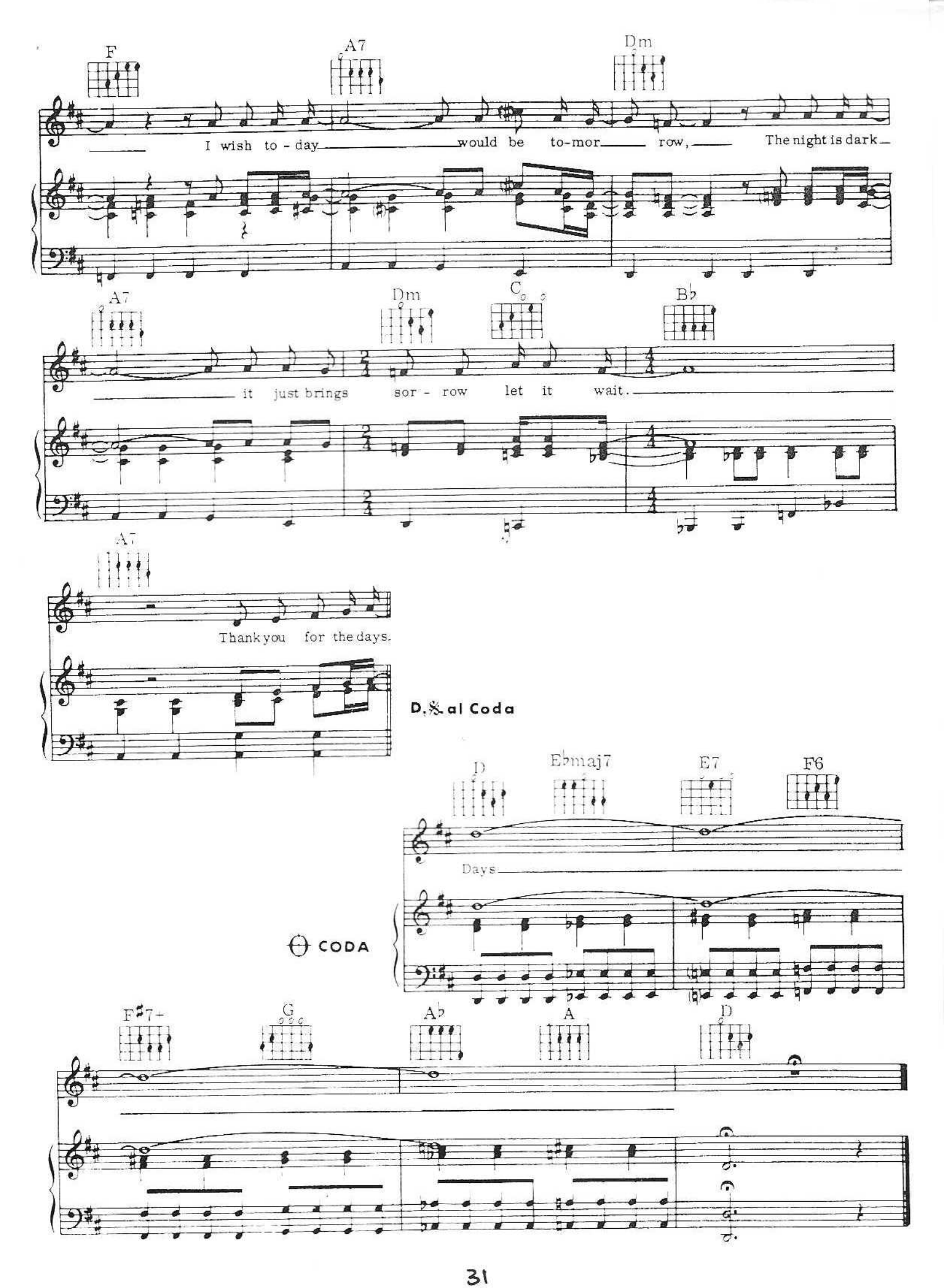



D G D G D A7 D G
I bless the light that lights on you be-lieve me And though you're
D G D G D A7 D
To Coda
gone, you're with me ev - 'ry sing le day, be-lieve me.
B♭ F C B♭ F
Days I'll re-mem-ber all my life, Days when you can't see wrong from
C B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F B♭
right You took my life but then I knew that ve - ry soon you'd leave me
F B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F B♭
But it's al - right, now I'm not fright-ened of this world, be-lieve me.


F
A7
Dm
I wish to - day would be to-mor row, The night is dark
A7
Dm
C
B♭
it just brings sor - row let it wait.
A7
Thank you for the days.
D.S. al Coda
D
Ebmaj7
E7
F6
Days
CODA
F♯7-
G
A♭
A
D

Arthur.

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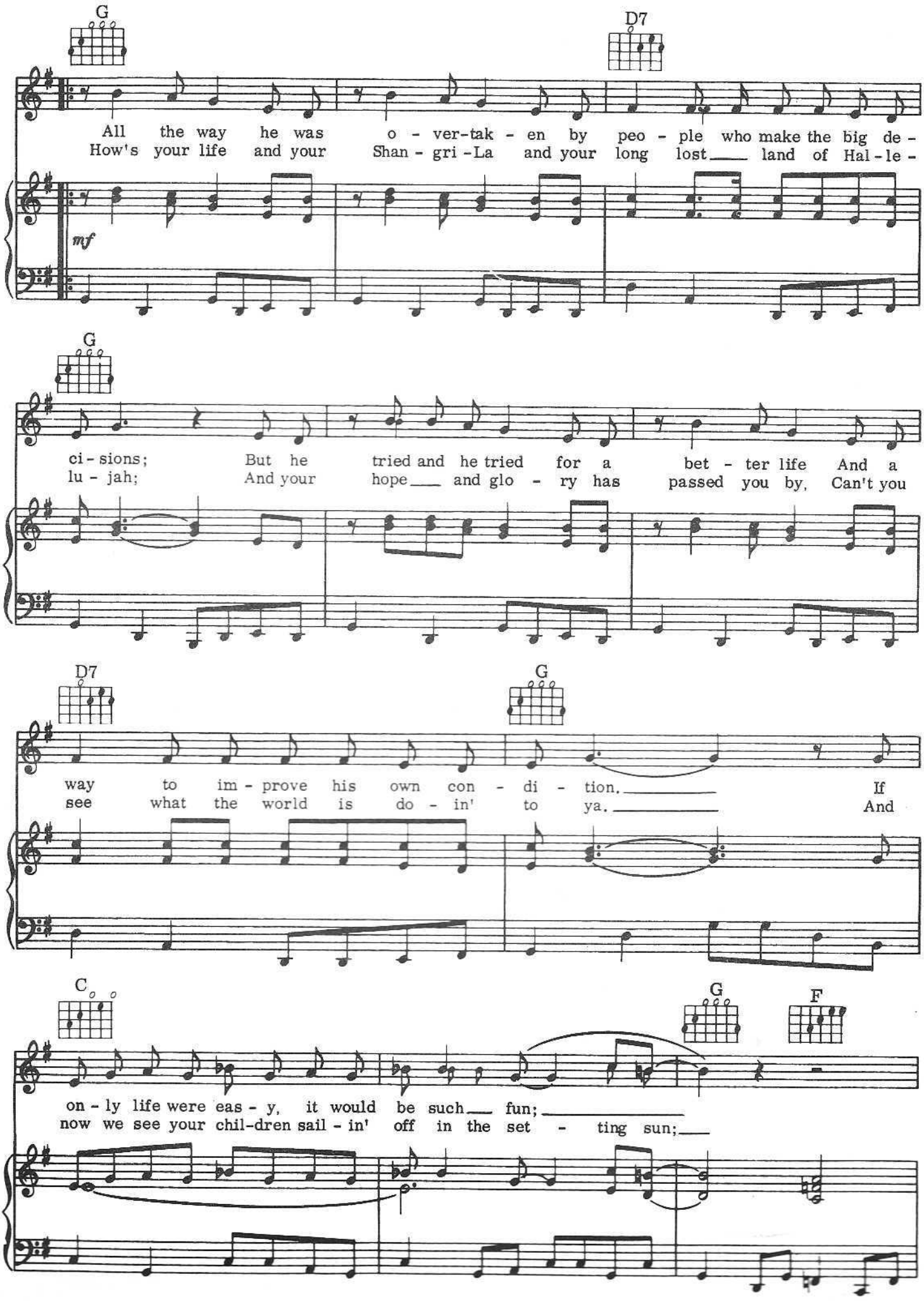
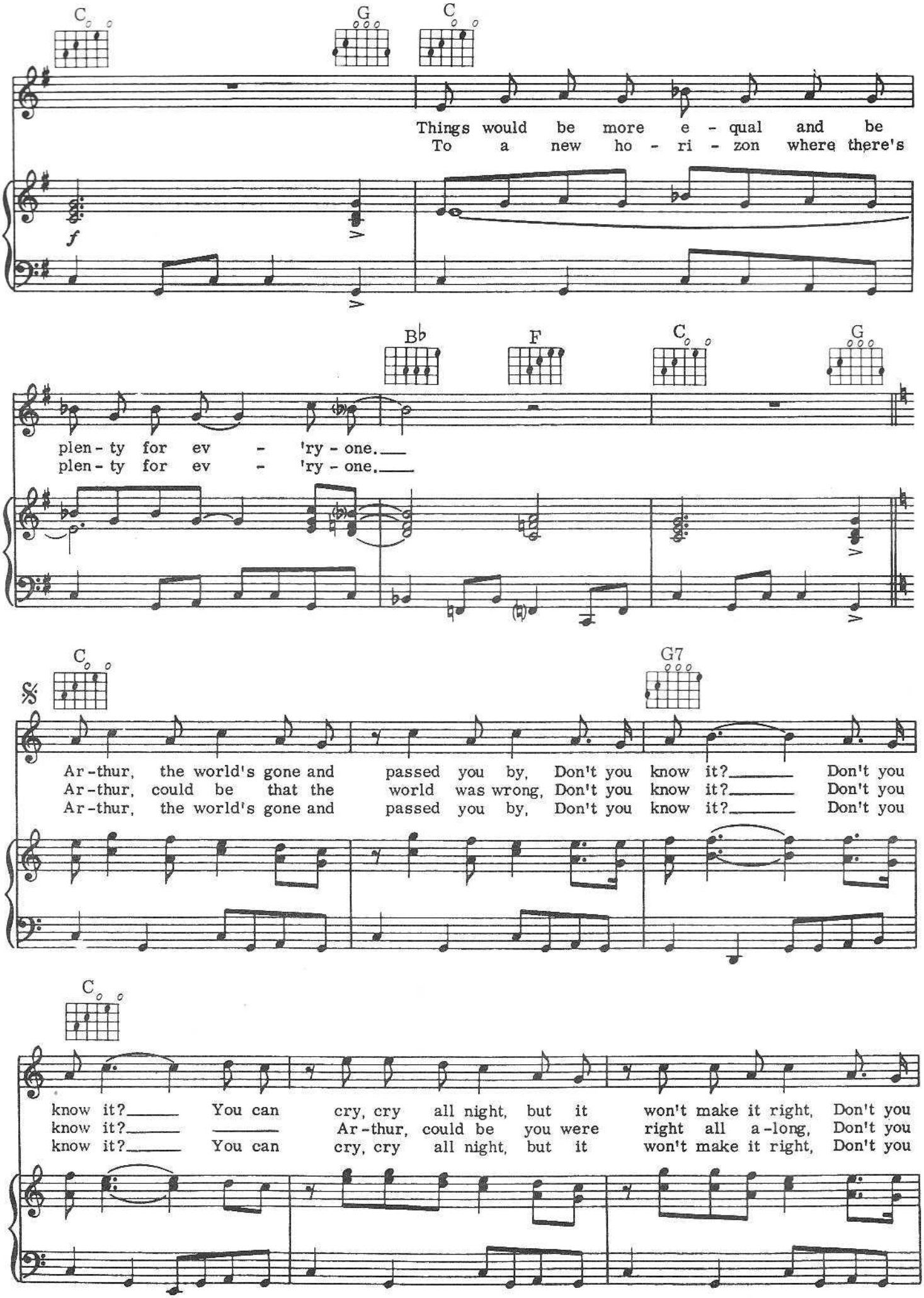
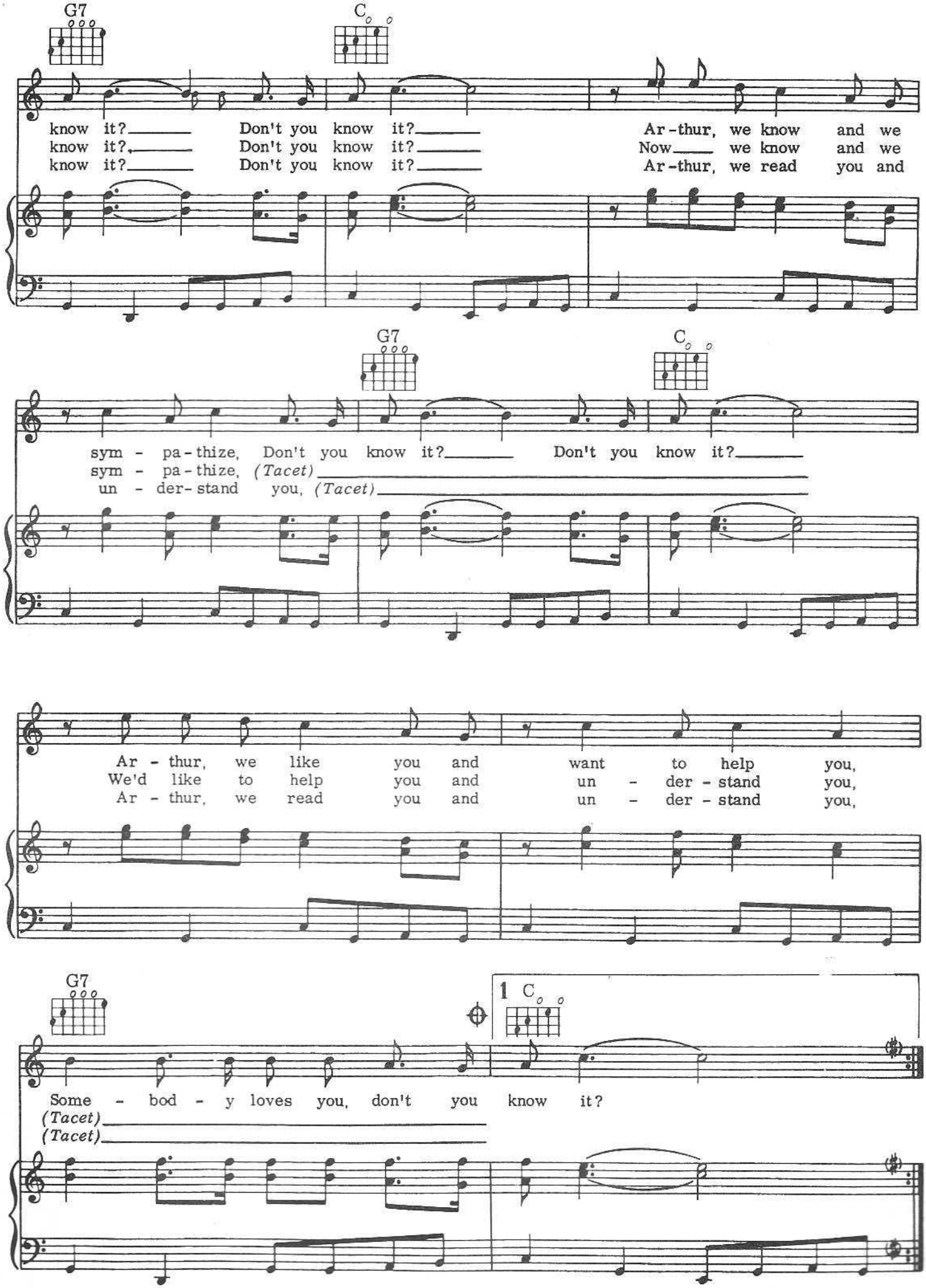
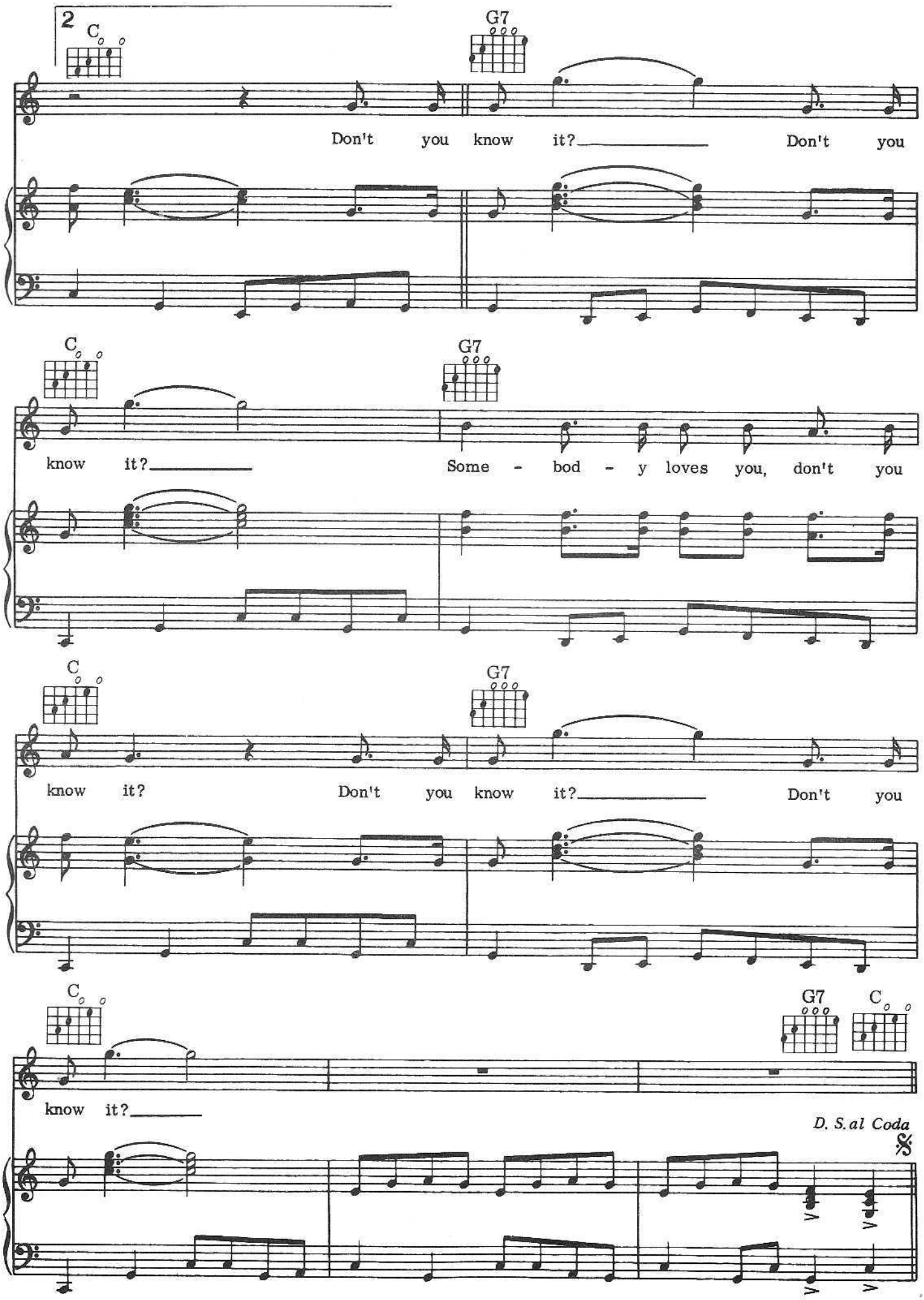
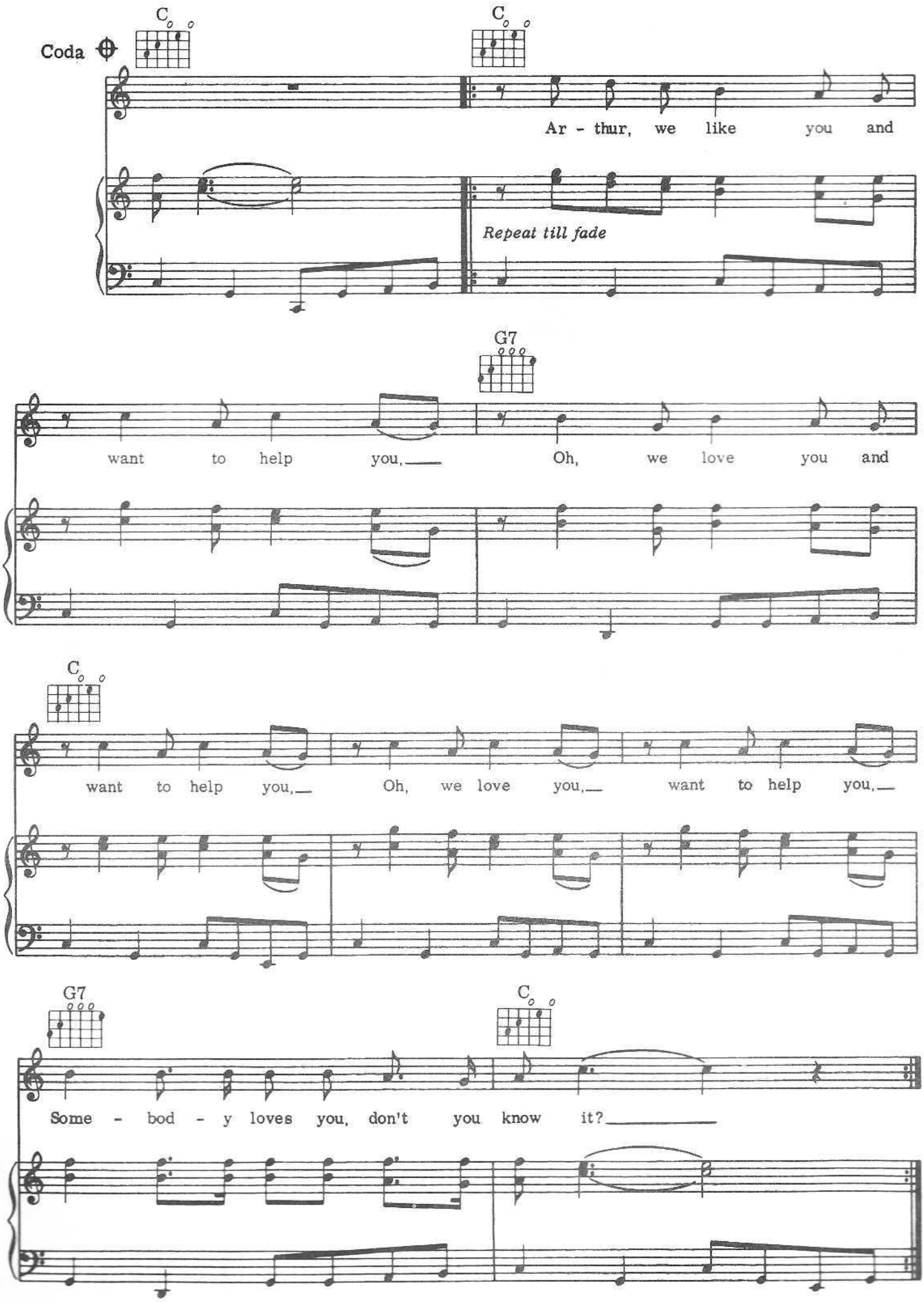

G
D7
All the way he was o - ver-tak - en by peo - ple who make the big de -
How's your life and your Shan - gri - La and your long lost land of Hal - le -
mf
G
ci - sions; But he tried and he tried for a bet - ter life And a
lu - jah; And your hope and glo - ry has passed you by, Can't you
D7
G
way to im - prove his own con - di - tion. If
see what the world is do - in' to ya. And
C
G
F
on - ly life were eas - y, it would be such fun;
now we see your chil-dren sail - in' off in the set - ting sun;


C
G
C
Things would be more e - qual and be
To a new ho - ri - zon where there's
f
Bb
F
C
G
plen - ty for ev - 'ry - one.
plen - ty for ev - 'ry - one.
C
G7
Ar - thur, the world's gone and passed you by, Don't you know it? Don't you
Ar - thur, could be that the world was wrong, Don't you know it? Don't you
Ar - thur, the world's gone and passed you by, Don't you know it? Don't you
C
know it? You can cry, cry all night, but it won't make it right, Don't you
know it? Ar - thur, could be you were right all a - long, Don't you
know it? You can cry, cry all night, but it won't make it right, Don't you


G7
C
know it? Don't you know it? Ar-thur, we know and we
know it? Don't you know it? Now we know and we
know it? Don't you know it? Ar-thur, we read you and
G7
C
sym - pa-thize, Don't you know it? Don't you know it?
sym - pa-thize, (Tacet)
un - der-stand you, (Tacet)
Ar - thur, we like you and want to help you,
We'd like to help you and un - der - stand you,
Ar - thur, we read you and un - der - stand you,
G7
1 C
Some - bod - y loves you, don't you know it?
(Tacet)
(Tacet)


2
C
G7
Don't you know it? Don't you
C
G7
know it? Some - bod - y loves you, don't you
C
G7
know it? Don't you know it? Don't you
C
G7
C
know it?
D. S. al Coda


Coda
C
C
Ar - thur, we like you and
Repeat till fade
G7
want to help you, Oh, we love you and
C
want to help you, Oh, we love you, want to help you,
G7
C
Some - bod - y loves you, don't you know it?

Autumn Almanac.

Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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Moderato

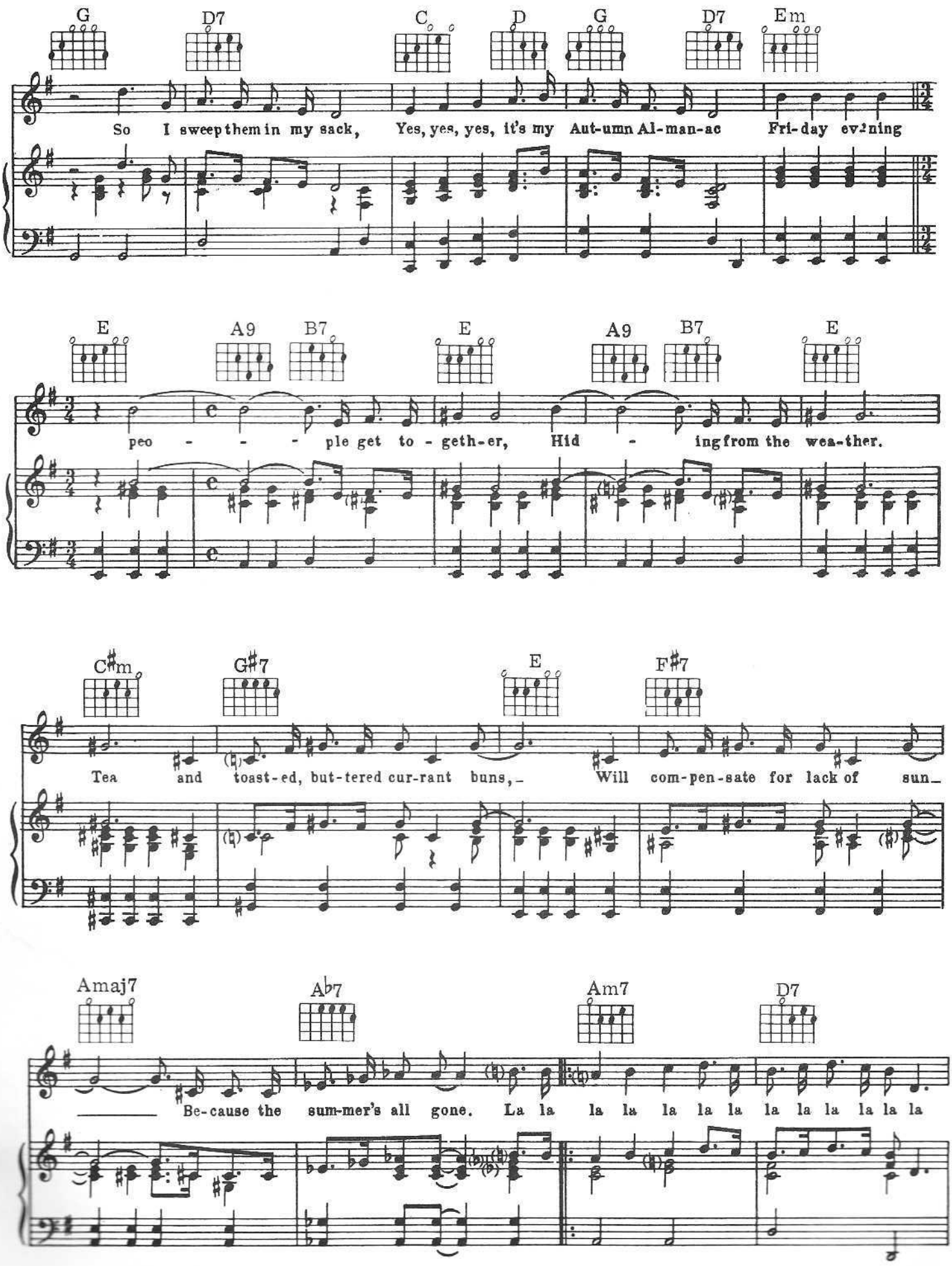
E A B7 E A B7 E

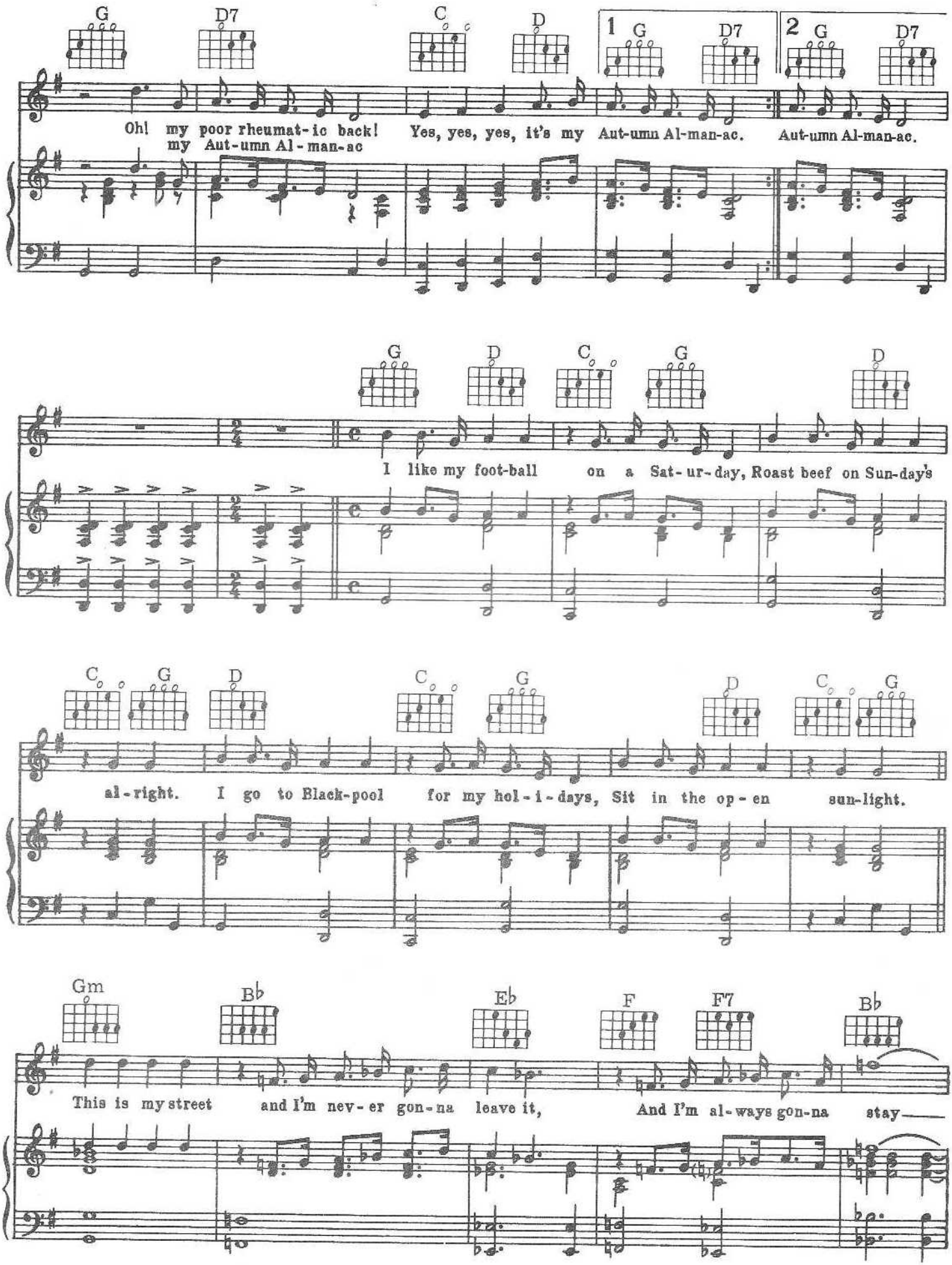
Am7 D7 G D7

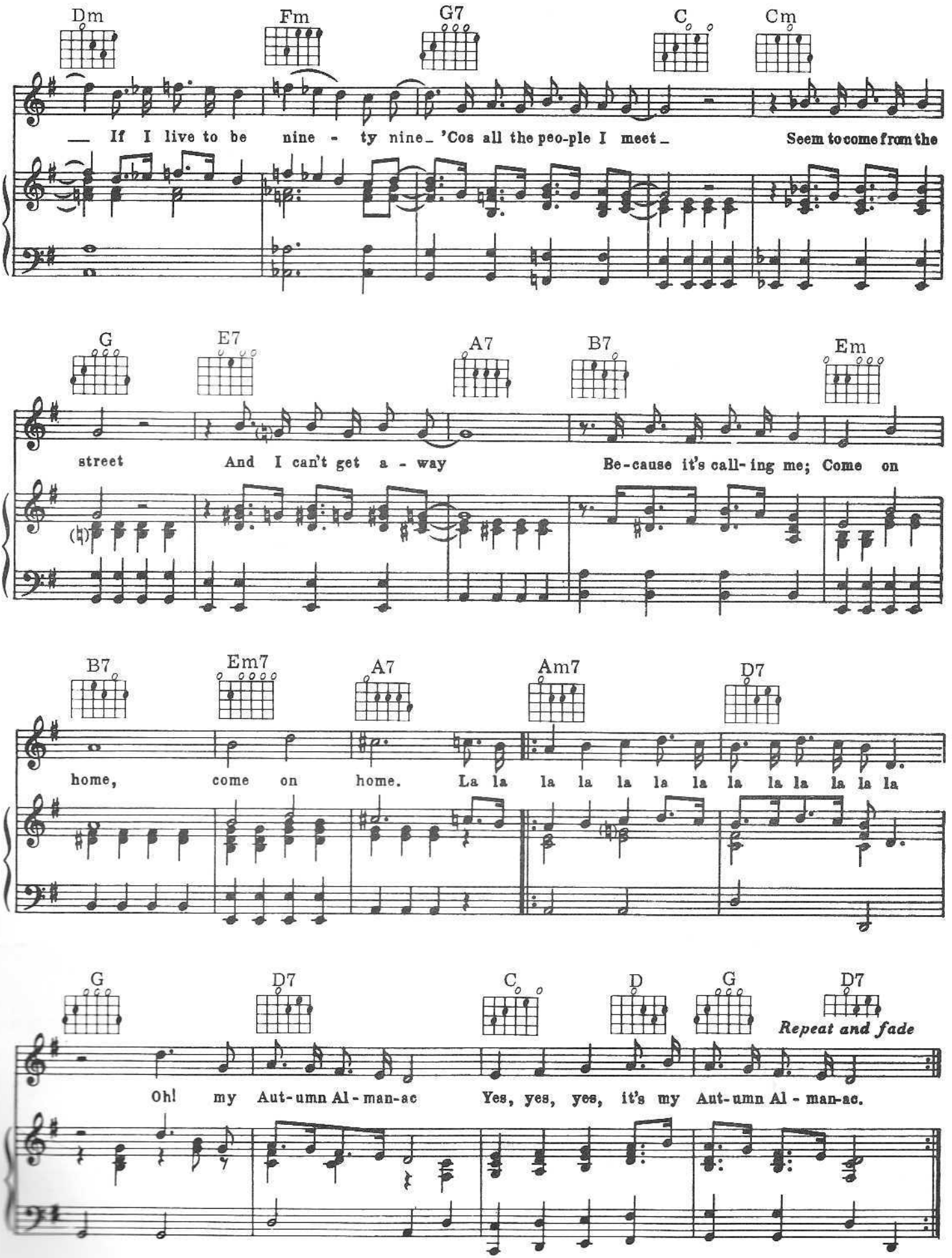
From the dew soaked hedge creeps a craw-ly cat- er- pil-lar When the dawn be-gins to crack,

C D G D7 Am7 D7

It's all part of my Aut-umn Al-man-ac Breeze blows leaves of a mus-ty col-oured yel-low


G D7 C D G D7 Em
So I sweep them in my sack, Yes, yes, yes, it's my Aut-umn Al-man-ac Fri-day ev-ning
E A9 B7 E A9 B7 E
peo - - - ple get to - geth-er, Hid - ing from the wea-ther.
C#m G#7 E F#7
Tea and toast-ed, but-tered cur-rant buns, Will com-pen-sate for lack of sun-
Amaj7 A♭7 Am7 D7
Be-cause the sum-mer's all gone. La la la la la la la la la la la la la


G D7 C D 1 G D7 2 G D7
Oh! my poor rheumat-ic back! Yes, yes, yes, it's my Aut-umn Al-man-ac. Aut-umn Al-man-ac.
my Aut-umn Al-man-ac
G D C G D
I like my foot-ball on a Sat-ur-day, Roast beef on Sun-day's
C G D C G D C G
al-right. I go to Black-pool for my hol-i-days, Sit in the op-en sun-light.
Gm Bb Eb F F7 Bb
This is my street and I'm nev-er gon-na leave it, And I'm al-ways gon-na stay


Dm
Fm
G7
C
Cm
If I live to be nine - ty nine 'Cos all the peo-ple I meet Seem to come from the
G
E7
A7
B7
Em
street And I can't get a - way Be-cause it's call-ing me; Come on
B7
Em7
A7
Am7
D7
home, come on home. La la la la la la la la la la la la la
G
D7
C
D
G
D7
Repeat and fade
Oh! my Aut-umn Al-man-ac Yes, yes, yes, it's my Aut-umn Al-man-ac.

Shangrila.

Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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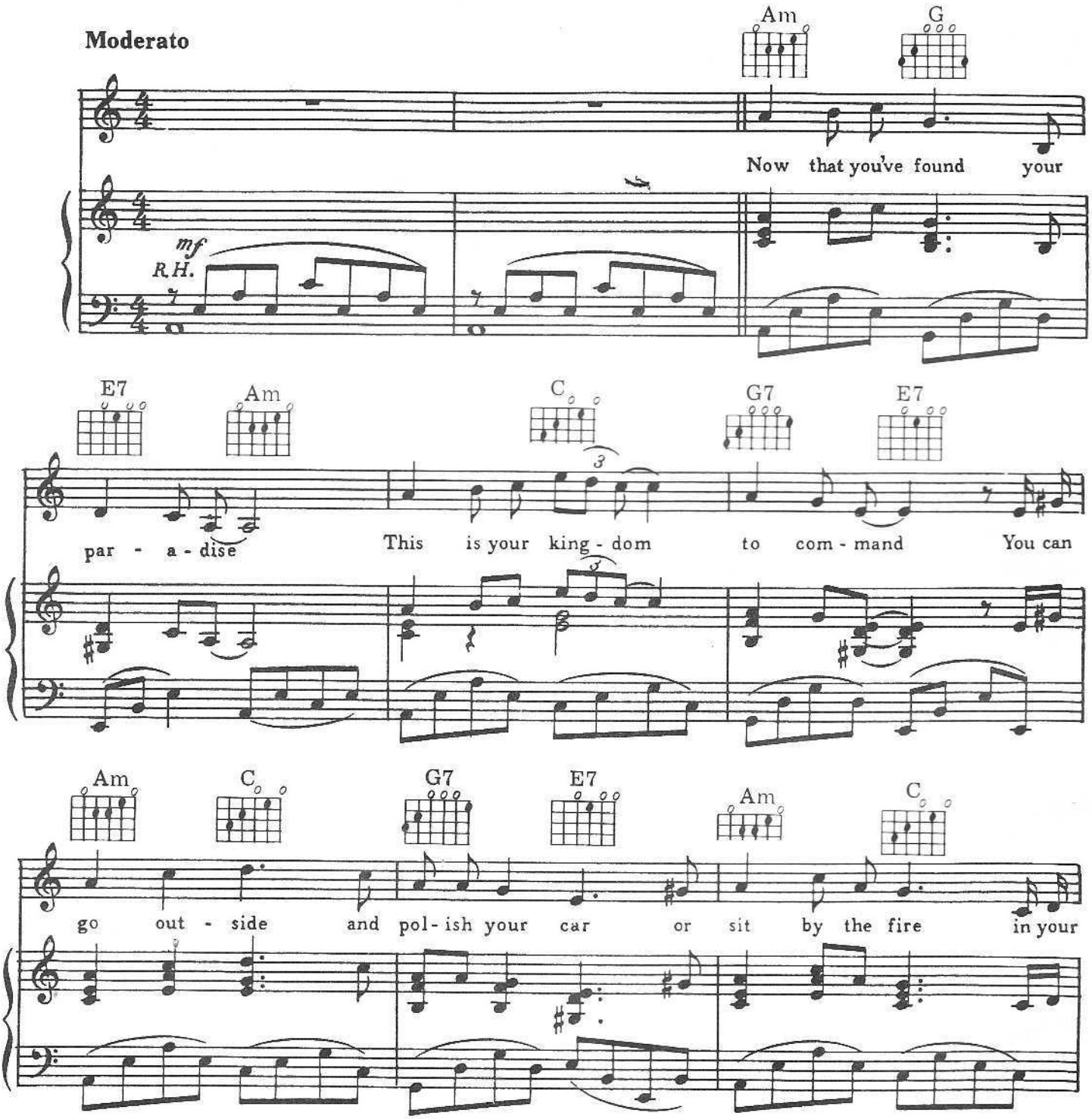
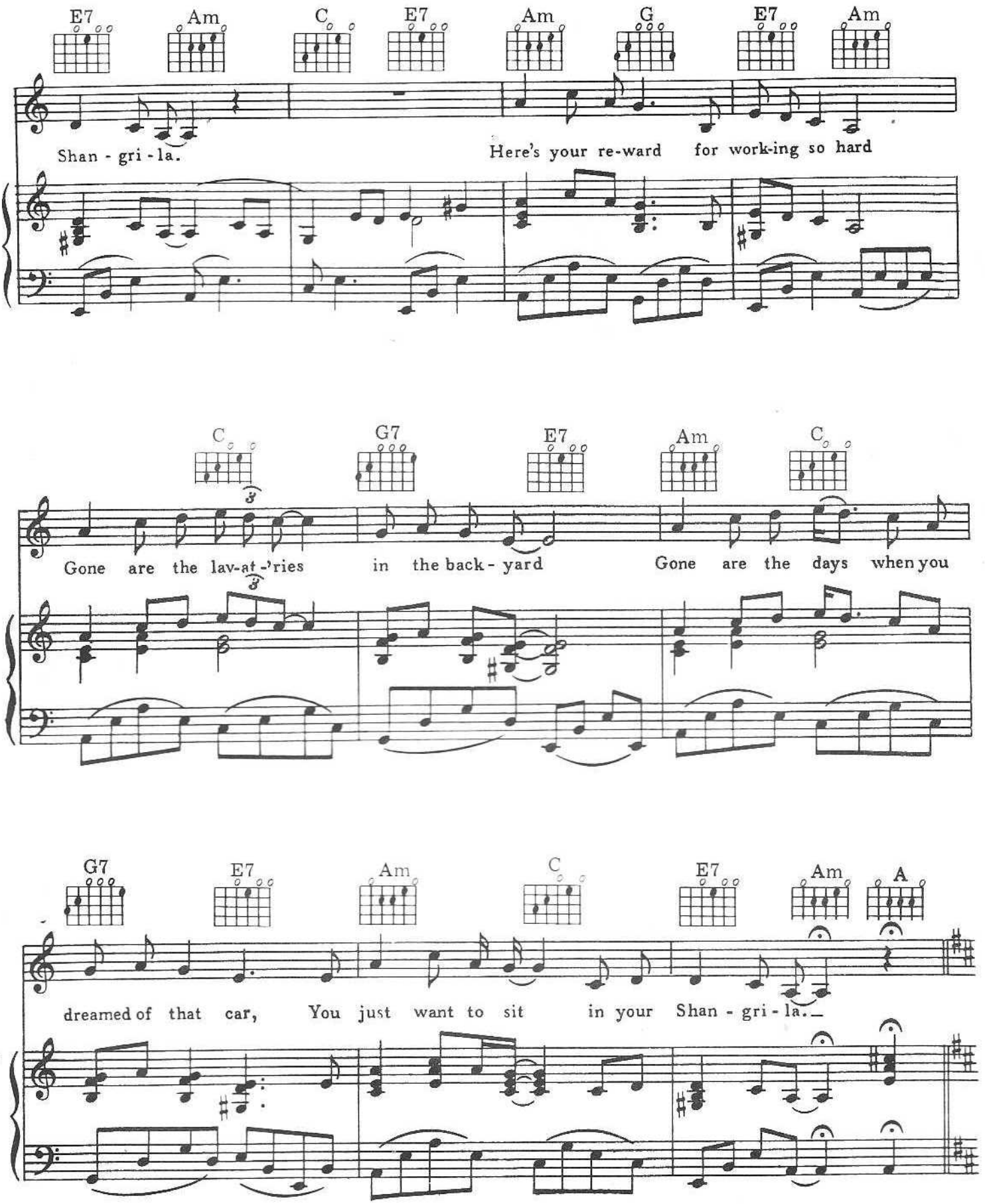
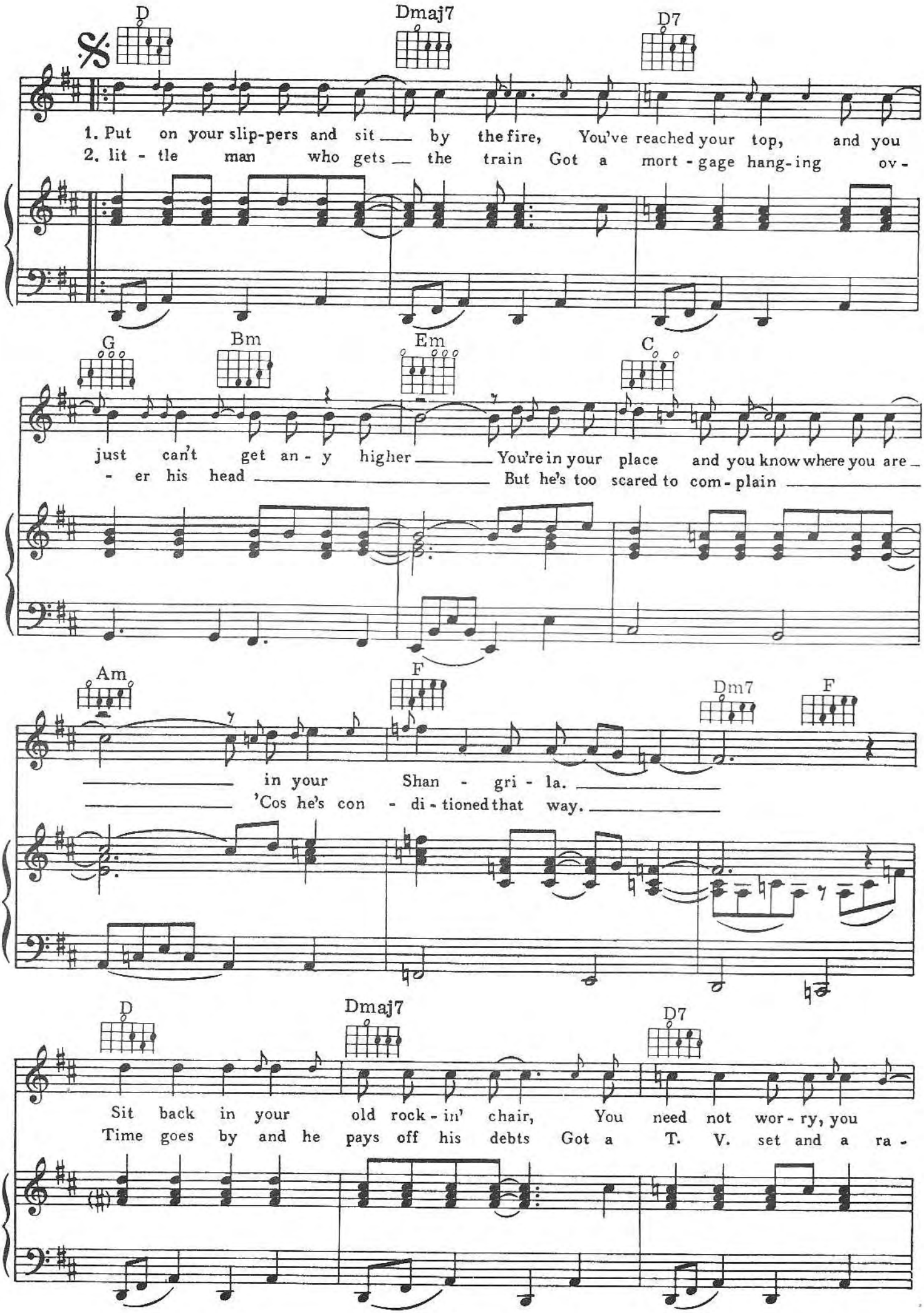
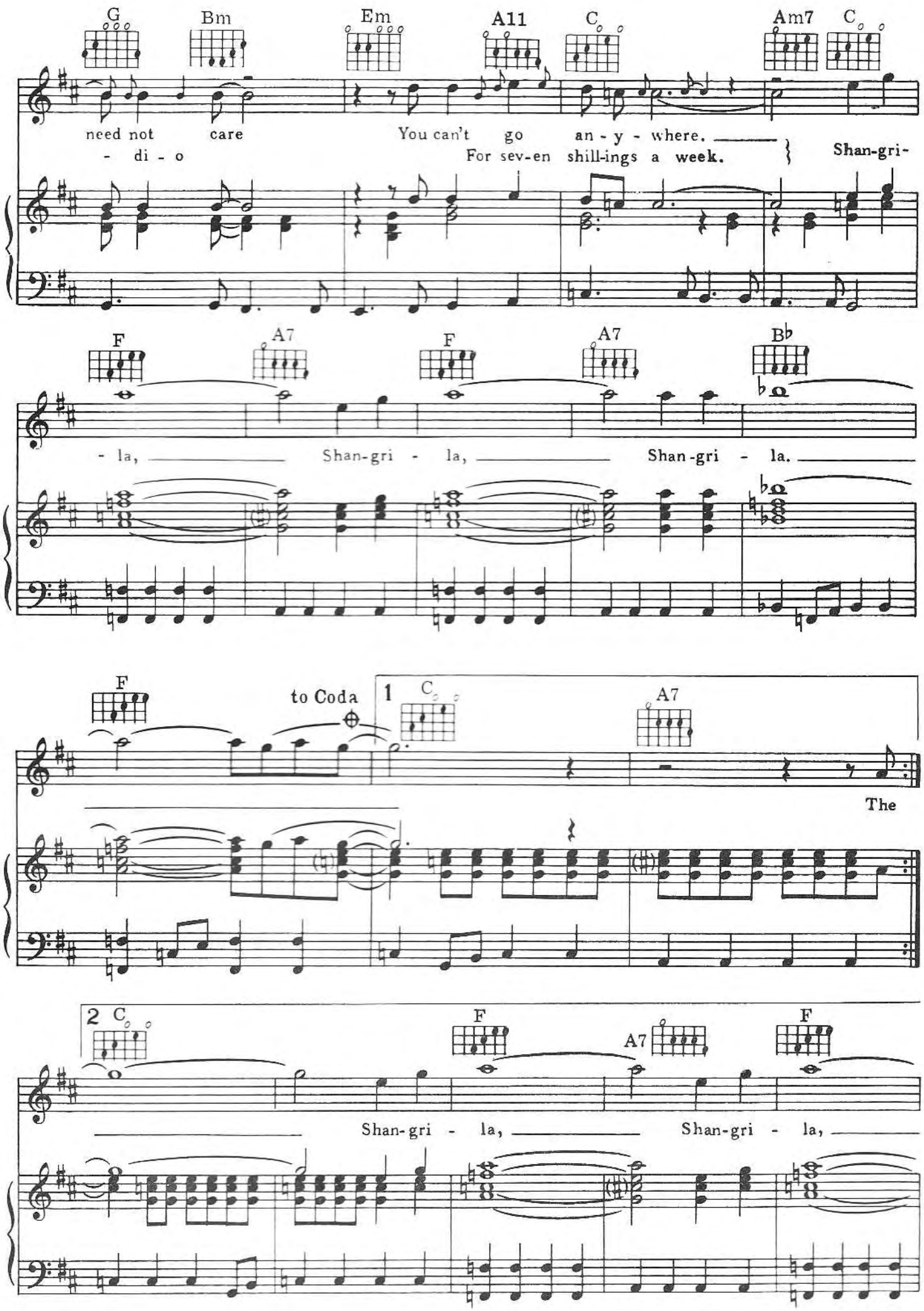
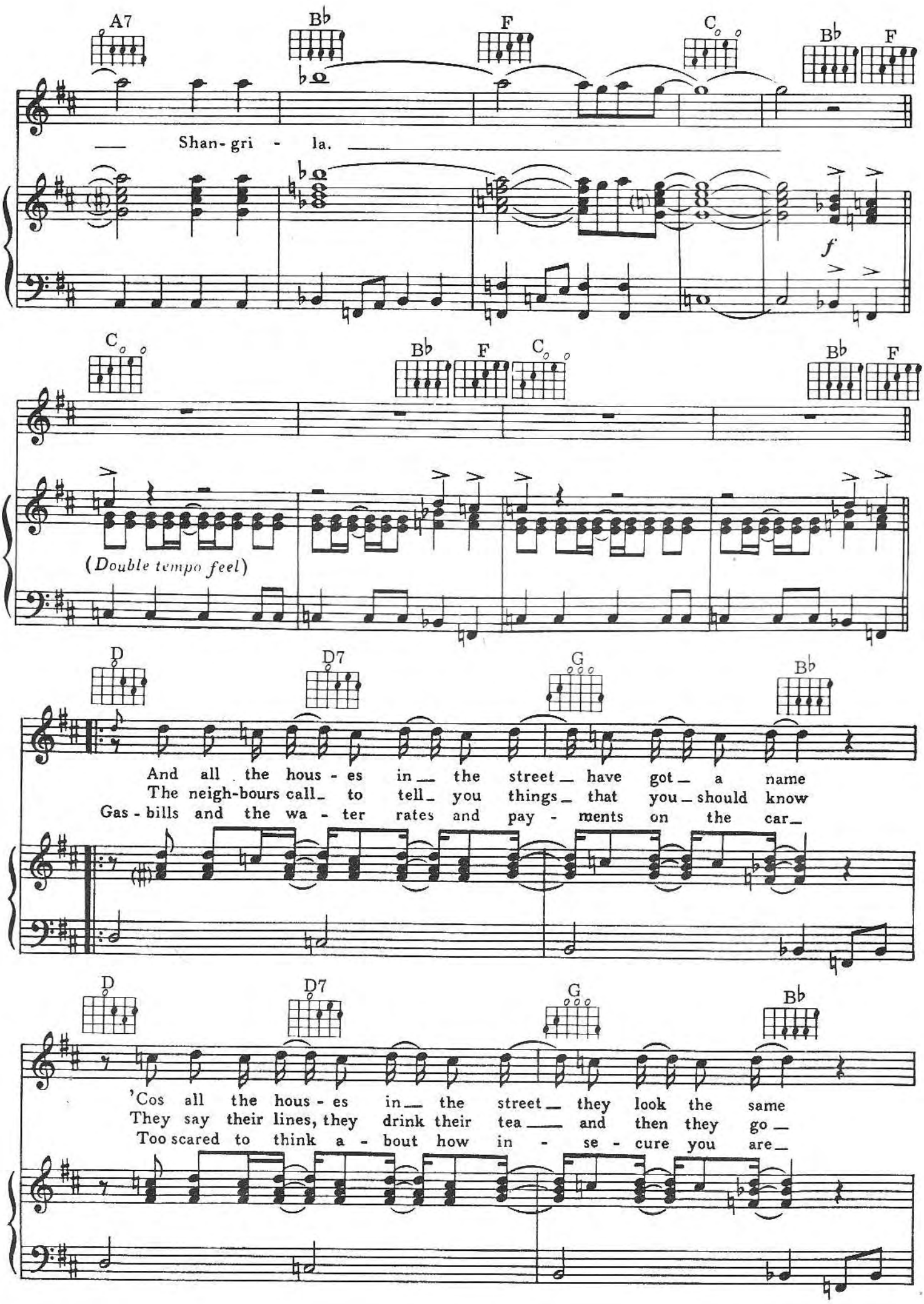
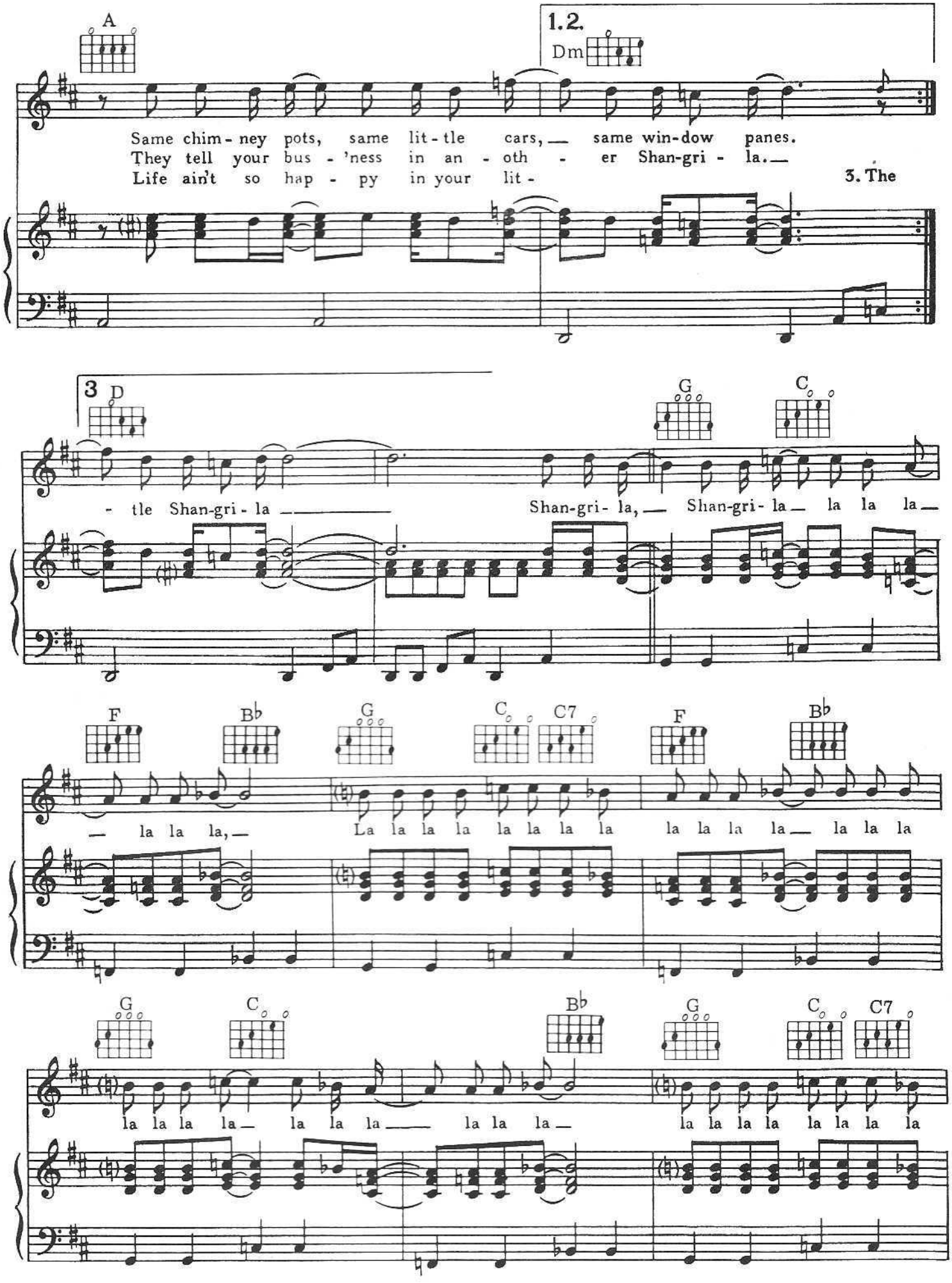


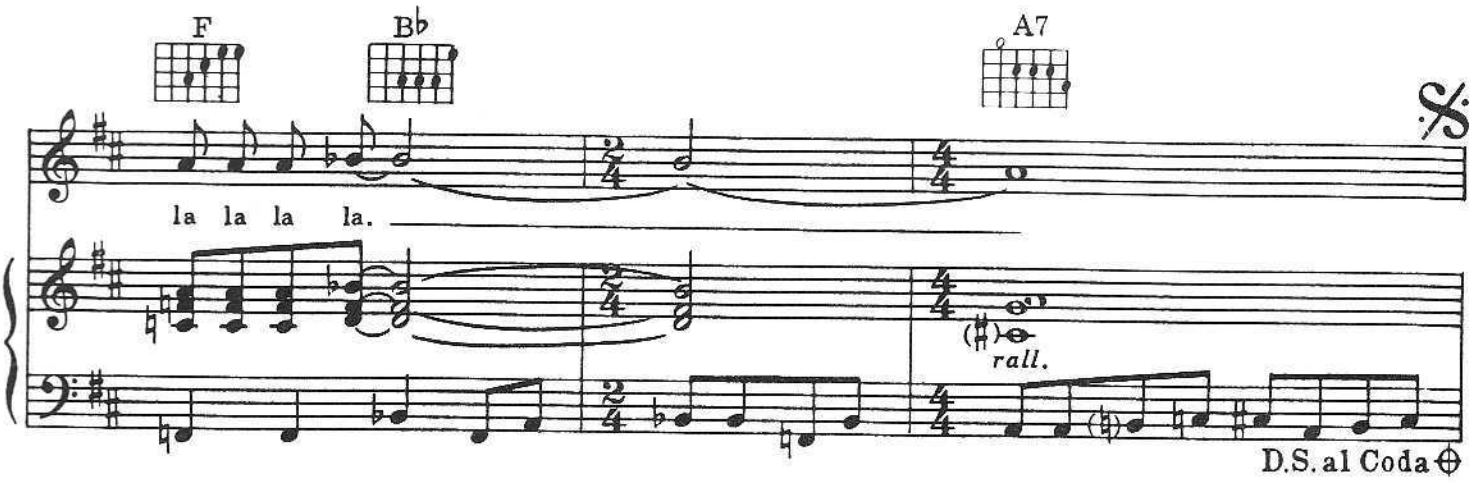

E7 Am C E7 Am G E7 Am
Shan - gri - la.
Here's your re-ward for work-ing so hard
C G7 E7 Am C
Gone are the lav-at-'ries in the back - yard
Gone are the days when you
G7 E7 Am C E7 Am A
dreamed of that car, You just want to sit in your Shan - gri - la.

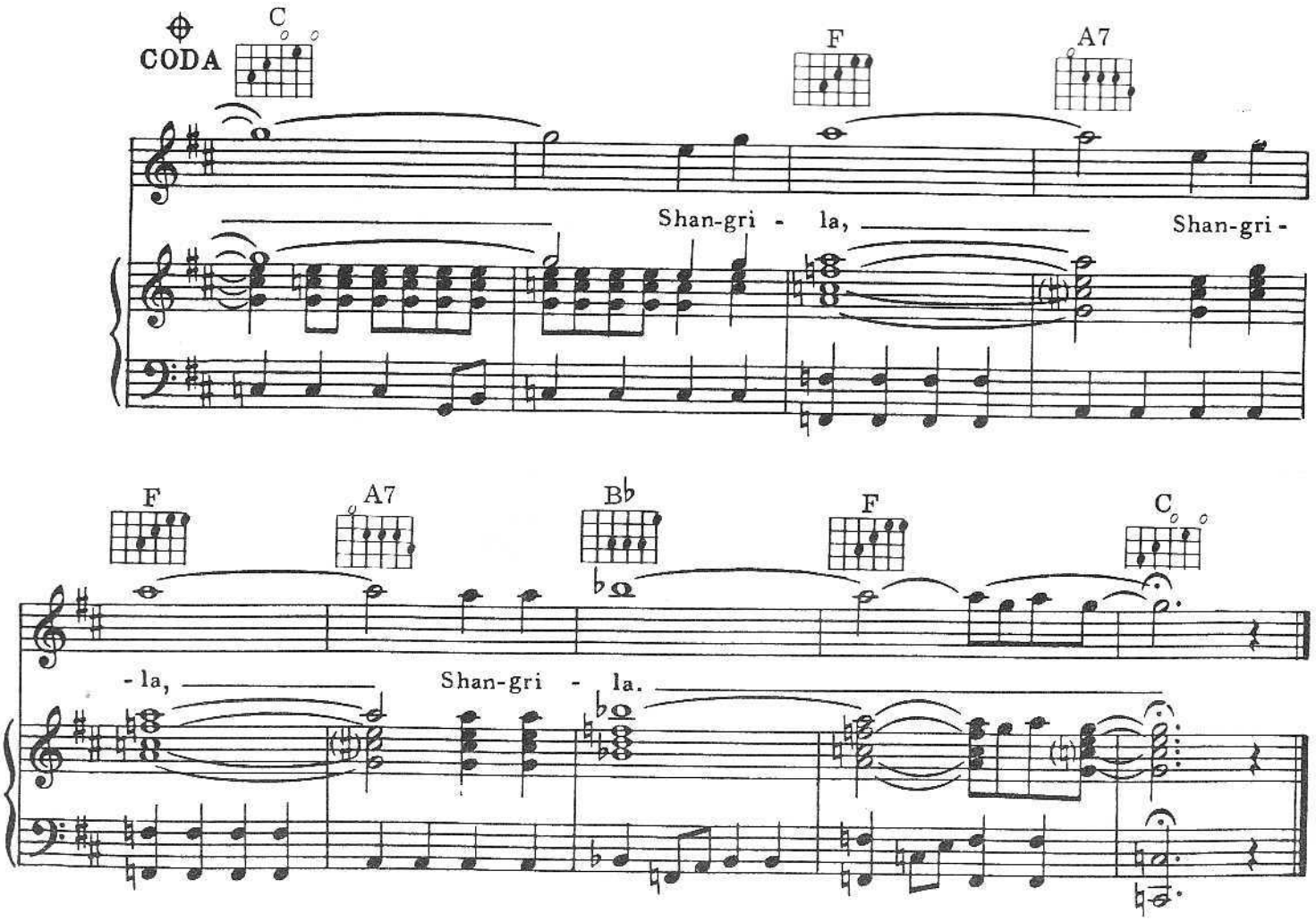

D
Dmaj7
D7
1. Put on your slip-pers and sit by the fire, You've reached your top, and you
2. lit - tle man who gets the train Got a mort - gage hang-ing ov-
G
Bm
Em
C
just can't get an - y higher You're in your place and you know where you are
- er his head But he's too scared to com - plain
Am
F
Dm7
F
in your Shan - gri - la.
'Cos he's con - di - tioned that way.
D
Dmaj7
D7
Sit back in your old rock - in' chair, You need not wor - ry, you
Time goes by and he pays off his debts Got a T. V. set and a ra -


G
Bm
Em
A11
C
Am7
C
need not care
- di - o
You can't go an - y - where.
For sev-en shill-ings a week.
Shan-gri-
F
A7
F
A7
B♭
- la, Shan-gri - la, Shan-gri - la.
F
to Coda
1
C
A7
The
2
C
F
A7
F
Shan-gri - la, Shan-gri - la,


A7
Bb
F
C
Bb
F
Shan- gri - la.
f
C
Bb
F
C
Bb
F
(Double tempo feel)
D
D7
G
Bb
And all the hous - es in the street have got a name
The neigh-bours call to tell you things that you should know
Gas - bills and the wa - ter rates and pay - ments on the car
D
D7
G
Bb
'Cos all the hous - es in the street they look the same
They say their lines, they drink their tea and then they go
Too scared to think a - bout how in - se - cure you are


A
1.2.
Dm
Same chim - ney pots, same lit - tle cars, — same win-dow panes.
They tell your bus - 'ness in an - oth - er Shan-gri - la.—
Life ain't so hap - py in your lit -
3. The
3
D
G
C
- tle Shan-gri - la
Shan-gri- la, — Shan-gri- la — la la la —
F
B♭
G
C
C7
F
B♭
— la la la, —
La la la la la la la la
la la la la — la la la
G
C
B♭
G
C
C7
la la la la — la la la — la la la —
la la la la la la la la


F
B♭
A7
la la la la.
rall.
D.S. al Coda


CODA
C
F
A7
Shan-gri - la,
Shan-gri -
F
A7
B♭
F
C
- la,
Shan-gri - la.

During the Sixties, while the pop world was dominated by acts from Merseyside, The Kinks emerged from London with a string of hugely successful hit records, many of which are included in this handsomely-produced folio.

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